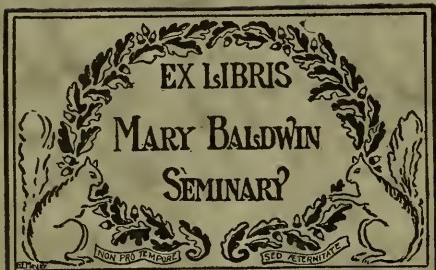


The  
Bluestocking  
1922





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MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

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June, 1940.



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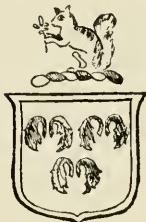




# *The BLUESTOCKING*

*Published by*

The Senior Literary Society



MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY  
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA  
1921-1922

In appreciation of her loyalty, her devotion, her  
faithfulness, and her untiring efforts to  
make the Seminary stand for all  
that is truest and best  
we dedicate this

**The Bluestocking of 1922**

to

**Miss Helen S. P. Williamson**

realizing that because of these  
qualities that make her dear  
to us, the Seminary is  
a better place in  
which to be



MISS HELEN S. P. WILLIAMSON

## **F**oreword

**I**N PRESENTING this, our BLUESTOCKING of 1922 our aim has been to embody for your pleasure, a true account of the scholastic year. We have tried to depict for you not only the fun and folly, and the serious side of these past months, but also to set forth some of the feeling of good fellowship that we feel is prevalent in the Mary Baldwin Seminary. Perhaps our reach has exceeded our grasp, but we go to press unafraid for our trust in your lenient judgment is unbounded.

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SESSION OF 1921-22

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†Substituting for the year.

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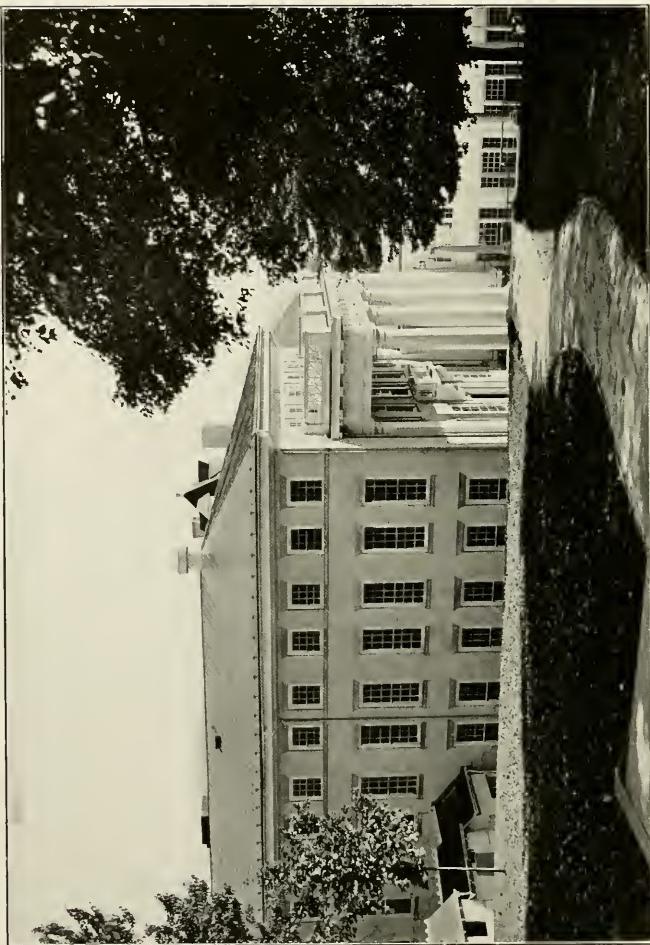
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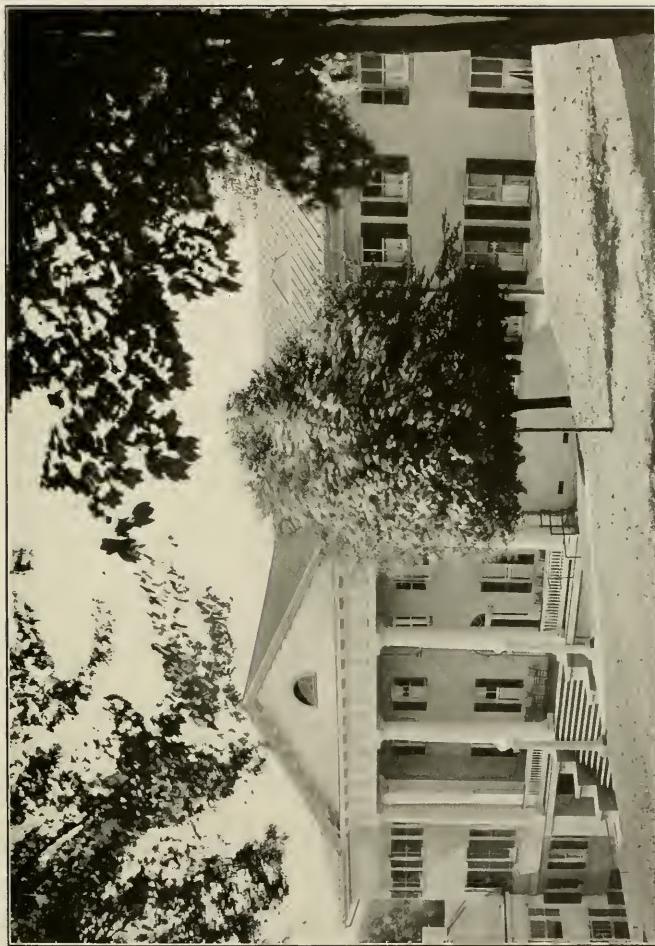
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ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



ACADEMIC BUILDING



AGNES McCLEUNG HALL

MEMORIAL HALL AND HULL TOP



# SENIORAS



## Senior Class Roll

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<i>Vice-President</i> .....	MARGARET VAN DEVANTER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	MARGARET BUILDER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MAITLAND THOMPSON
<i>Historian</i> .....	MARGARET VAN DEVANTER
<i>Prophet</i> .....	CONSTANCE CURRY
<i>Class Testator</i> .....	MARGARET BUILDER
<i>Class Poet</i> .....	MARY BENHAM MITCHELL

### Members

ELIZABETH BIVINS
MARTHA BOXLEY
MARGARET BUILDER
CATHERINE CADMUS
CARMEN CERECEO
CONSTANCE CURRY
THELMA KERR
EVELYN MARION
MARY BENHAM MITCHELL
GERTRUDE STICKLEY
MAITLAND THOMPSON
MARGARET VAN DEVANTER



MISS NANCY WITHERSPOON MCFARLAND  
OUR PATRON

**Motto**

*Summa Summorum*

**Flower**

Forget-me-not

**Colors**

Light Blue and Gold



MARY BENHAM MITCHELL

*Literary Graduate*

STAUNTON, VA.

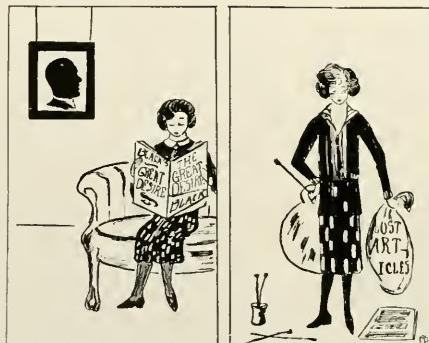
Mary's president of our class,  
And of her we're justly proud,  
From her golden reports we know  
With unusual brains she's endowed.

ELIZABETH BIVINS

*Graduate in Piano*

CLEARWATER, FLA.

"Betty's" good in art and music,  
And in three things she's wise,  
For when it comes to vamping men,  
You just ought to see those eyes.





CATHERINE CADMUS

*Graduate in Piano*

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

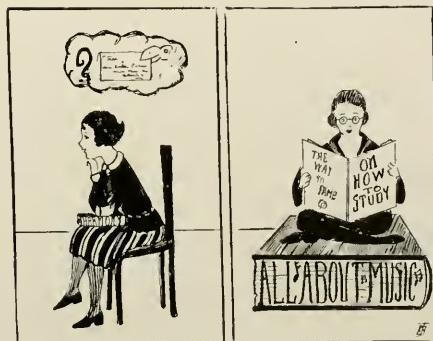
Catherine's a shark in music,  
And though in harmony her thoughts  
do stray,  
There never will be a discord  
If she gets the right note every day.

THELMA KERR

*Graduate in Piano*

STAUNTON, VA.

"Still water runs deep," you know,  
So though Thelma has little to say,  
She has a brighter mind  
Than we've found in many a day.





GERTRUDE STICKLEY

*Graduate in Piano*

STRASBURG, VA.

To library and to practise hall  
Gertrude faithfully goes each day.  
And we'll have to hand it to her,  
She most assuredly can play.

MARGARET VAN DEVANTER

*Graduate in Piano*

STAUNTON, VA.

For eight years Margaret's come here  
to school,  
So she's just crammed full of knowl-  
edge;  
And as president of our Y. W. C. A.  
She's stood for the best in college.





MARTHA BONLEY

*Graduate in Expression*

ORANGE, VA.

Sing a song of frat pins,  
How many, we don't know,  
Tell us—you old stringer—  
How can you treat them so?

MARGARET BUILDER

*Graduate in Expression*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Admired and loved by every one,  
Our "Maggie" just can't be beat,  
With all her beauty, charm, and wit  
No wonder men fall at her feet.





CONSTANCE CURRY

*Graduate in Expression*

STAUNTON, VA.

Constance is good in expression,  
'Specially in expressing her mind,  
But a more determined and sensible girl,  
It would be very hard to find.

EVELYN MARION

*Graduate in Expression*

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.

Now, Evelyn's fine in expression,  
And we know that isn't all,  
She does whatever she starts to do,  
Whether it's big or small.





MAITLAND THOMPSON

*Graduate in Expression*

LUMBERTON, N. C.

Here's to the little girl of our class  
Her reciting has won her a "rep,"  
But she has won our hearts as well  
By her sweetness and her pep.

CARMEN CERECEDO

*Graduate in Art*

PORTA RICA

Cute little Carmen with her Pep(e)  
We usually find at her art,  
We admire her talent for drawing,  
'Specially the way she draws a heart.



## Class History



INETEEN TWENTY-TWO! How quickly the time has gone by, and we are actually seniors! Yes, and we have a history, too. Of course, we have originality, but after all we are not so different from other classes. Just about the same trials and tribulations, joys and pleasures have come to our predecessors, but they have never been ours before, and that is just the reason why we must record some of them here in this small space.

Just before mid-term exams in 1921 our class was organized. It was on one Saturday morning. Miss Higgins came in and gave us an inspiring talk, and then we chose our class patron, Miss Nancy McFarland, and elected our officers. Mary Benham Mitchell was chosen President with Margaret Van Devanter Vice-President, Hardenia Wyse, Secretary, and Lois Jennings, Treasurer, but, much to our sorrow, Hardenia and Lois deserted us this year. We have now, however, Margaret Builder and Maitland Thompson in their places. When we left the room that morning, we felt as if Mary Baldwin Seminary belonged solely to the Junior Class, but since then we have become seniors, and wise enough to know that it didn't.

Mary Benham Mitchell, who lives in Staunton, is our only literary graduate this year, and as for "golden reports"—she is familiar with no other kind. What a list of expression graduates we have! There's Maitland Thompson from North Carolina, Margaret Builder of Alabama, Evelyn Marion from Kentucky, and two daughters of Old Virginia, Martha Boxley from Orange, and Constance Curry of Staunton. In piano and art we also have a good representation. Carmen Cerecedo, from Spain, graduates in art, and Elizabeth Bivins is doing a very extraordinary thing in getting two diplomas, one in art and the other in piano. The rest, who are all piano graduates, are Thelma Kerr from near Staunton, Gertrude Stickley of Strasburg, Va., Catherine Cadmus from New Jersey, and Margaret Van Devanter of Staunton.

Our social life as a class has been quite delightful. Soon after we were organized, Mary Benham Mitchell gave us a lovely Valentine party at her home. Before long Miss McFarland, who has been our firm friend and constant helper, entertained us at Miss Trout's, and the memory of that evening will long be with us. Then came the Junior-Senior party when we decked the Girls' Parlor in gala attire and were hostesses to the Class of '21. But oh, how important we did feel when commencement rolled around and we were invited to the Alumnae Banquet! That event, if you will pardon a bit of school-girl vernacular, was just "too wonderful for words," as we sat at a table all our own and listened to the reminiscences from the classes gone before us.

Our first thrilling moment this year was when we walked out for the first time wearing our "beautiful" pins with a "'22" guard attached. It was thrilling, indeed, to have girls come up, look at them and then, with longing eyes and envious tones say, "I wish I were a senior." Again Miss McFarland has entertained us, this time over at her "rooms," and we all found very promising futures stored up for us in our Chinese fortunes. And again the Girls' Parlor has been the scene of feasting and revelry, but on this occasion it was only a dinner party at which we enjoyed having Miss Higgins and Miss McFarland with us. Mary Benham has certainly been our friend, too, for what did she do but invite us to her house again on George Washington's Birthday? We had a delightful time and never shall forget our lovely "hatchet and cherry" dinner.

And this is not all—the next few months hold many more good times in store for us, for this year there is another Junior class, and of course that means a party for us when we shall be guests instead of hostesses as we were a year ago. Then there are rides and picnics to come, but best (?) of all, commencement. Though we shall part with sad hearts, as some of us may possibly not meet again, yet the bond of friendship between the twelve girls of the Class of '22 will never, we believe, be broken.



## Class Prophecy



THE most stupendous fact in modern science is the power of the wish. By this means, according to our most advanced thinkers, civilization has reached its present development." I had reached this point in my magazine article, when Julia rushed in upon me with the information that if I wanted to see a miracle, I should go with her at once to Mr. Brown's laboratory. She had just come from there, she said, and that simply by intense thinking, and the pushing of a button, one could see and talk with anyone, no matter how far away they might be. I assented eagerly.

Seated in the laboratory before the instrument, which Mr. Brown explained was the latest thing in amplifiers, I had a great desire to see what changes the last ten years had wrought in the fortunes of my class of 1922. If intensity of wishing and the pushing of a lever would, as the scientist assured me, put me in touch with my c'assmates, the thing was already as good as done.

So I wished and pushed the lever and almost instantly I was within the chapel at Mary Baldwin. I found it filled with girls listening in rapt attention to marvelous music, and I listened as entranced as they. When the music ceased, I learned that what we had been hearing was the most famous concert of the season, given at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York by Catherine Cadmus and her husband, William Roux. In loving remembrance of Catherine's happy days there, the couple had given to Mary Baldwin an amplifier so that the college girls would have the benefit of New York's best concerts.

I looked around the old chapel for familiar faces, and whom should my eyes rest upon but Mary Benham Mitchell, who after graduating at Vassar and spending several years abroad, was now the head of the Latin Department of her Alma Mater?

Again I wished and operated the instrument in front of me : the scene shifted rapidly to a famous New York hospital. Into this apartment came a beautiful woman. She consulted in deep tones with the nurse who had risen at her entrance. I caught the sentence, "Yes, Dr. Thompson, your patient is resting better now." When she turned around to leave the room, I recognized Maitland Thompson, now a famous practitioner.

After this I wished to see the Harvard apartments in Boston. In the lobby there I saw an attractive young woman whom I knew as Martha Boxley, now the wife of one of Boston's leading specialists. I noticed an extremely well dressed woman standing not far from us, and Martha turned to me and said, "You should remember her ; she is Elizabeth Biyins, now Mrs. Kirkpatrick, whose ambition it is to be the best dressed woman in Boston. After leaving Mary Baldwin

she attended Harvard, where, true to her former flapper reputation, she soon won a husband."

After talking a while Martha suggested that I call up the Curry School of Expression that evening and hear a reading to be given by one of its most famous graduates, Miss Evelyn Marion, but I was obliged, though with many regrets, to decline the invitation.

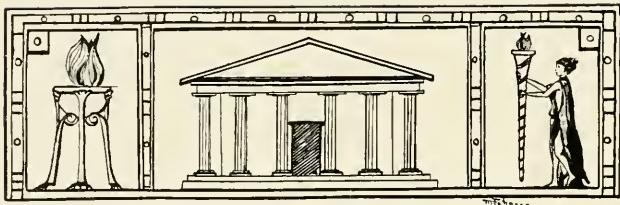
The next place I wished for and saw was Havana. The first thing my eyes rested upon was an airship which had unfortunately been forced to land in the midst of a sugar cane field, and, in so doing, had done quite a good deal of damage. The irate planter quickly appeared upon the scene demanding reparation. The occupants of the machine had called for the best known lawyer of the section, who I was surprised and delighted to find was the husband of my beautiful little Spanish classmate, Carmen Cerecedo. True to the hospitality of the island he, after settling the difficulty, asked his clients to go home with him to dinner. I followed them there and found the strangers were not to be the only guests, for whom should I see but Gertrude Stickley, the same calm, dignified girl of former days, now a professor in the largest American college on the island.

After having seen all I cared to see of Havana, the thought came to me—why not visit China too? Almost immediately the rather progressive little city of Hankow appeared. Since it was Sunday, I decided to attend church, and whom should I find fully demonstrating a woman's ability to accomplish big things but Margaret Van Devanter? She was standing in the pulpit preaching to an audience of interested listeners. She was the head of the missionary work of that district and pastor of its largest church.

After the service the scene shifted and I found myself in front of a large modern American confectionery store. A handsome American came forward and introduced himself to a young man who had just entered. The name sounded strangely familiar, and I recognized it as one I had often heard during my days at Mary Baldwin. It brought to my mind the pretty, happy face of Margaret Buil'der. I was delighted to find she was now his wife. The molasses business had outgrown the bounds of the United States, so he had established a chain of confectionery stores in China.

Before ending my adventure I thought I would take one more glimpse at my native town. The Blue Ridge mountains and the broad Shenandoah Valley never appeared so beautiful and so restful. I saw an attractive rose-covered bungalow with a path leading up to the door. After all the different places I had visited, the peace and quiet of this exquisite little scene seemed to me the embodiment of human happiness. Sitting on the porch was a lady dressed in white. She was none other than Thelma Kerr, now the wife of one of the state's leading specialists. This did not surprise me, for Thelma and her husband had grown up in the same town and were sweethearts for many years.

CONSTANCE CURRY.



## Senior Class Poem

Mother, built on summit's crest,  
Home of those who seek the height,  
Hold on high thy flaming torch,  
Shed o'er us thy beacon light!

Like the chief of ancient tribe  
Thou hast built thy signal fire,  
Gleaming through a land of shadows,  
Mounting ever high and higher.

And thy children, in the distance,  
Who have left thy halls before,  
Answer back with lighted torches,  
Caught from thy unbounded store.

So may we, in years to come,  
With our faces toward thy light,  
Make our lives the signal fire,  
Flaming on a lofty height.

MARY BENHAM MITCHELL.

## Senior Class Will



E. THE SENIOR CLASS of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills by us at any time made.

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class:—Mary Benham Mitchell's brains; Margaret Van De Vanter's quietness; Carmen Cerecedo's Spanish mannerisms; Maitland Thompson's power to captivate an audience; Martha Boxley's unselfishness; Evelyn Marion's luxuriant hair, with the hope that it may prove useful to Junior "bobs"; Thelma Kerr's height; Constance Grime's ability to argue; Catherine Cadmus' sweetness; Gertrude Stickley's tuneful fingers; Elizabeth Bivins' rolling eyes; Margaret Builder's executive ability.

We appoint Nancy Lee Hendon, President of the Junior Class, to be executrix of this will.

Witness our hand this 27th day of May, 1922.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

The signature of the testators, the Senior Class, was made and acknowledged by them, in the presence of us, two competent witnesses present at the same time, this 27th day of May, 1922.

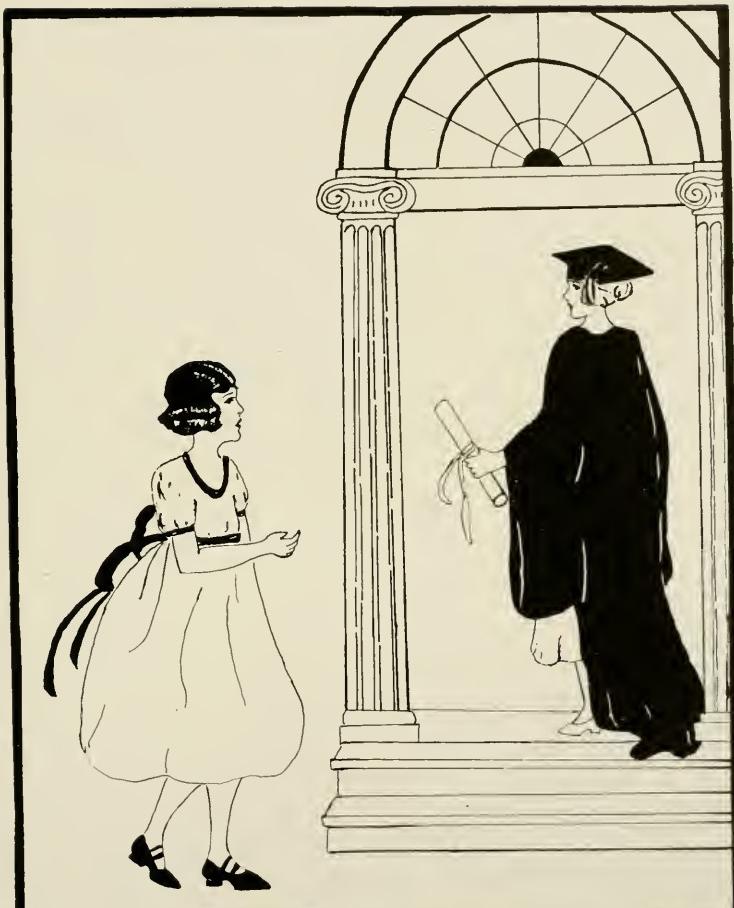
*Witnesses:*

NANCY MCFARLAND,

FLORA STUART.



HERE AND THERE WITH THE SENIOR CLASS



JUNIORS

## **Junior Class**

### **Officers**

<i>President</i> . . . . .	NANCY LEE HENDON
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	MARY LOVE BABINGTON
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> . . . . .	DOUGLAS SUMMERS
<i>Class Patron</i> . . . . .	Miss FLORA STUART

### **Motto**

*Carpe diem*

### **Flower**

Wisteria

### **Colors**

Black and White

### **Members**

MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS

VIRGINIA CARR

EVELYN CARPENTER

LUCY PAGE COFFMAN

CAROLYN EAGLE

MARGUERITE EDGAR

FRANCES GOTTON

MARY LILY HEARNE

LOUISE HODGES

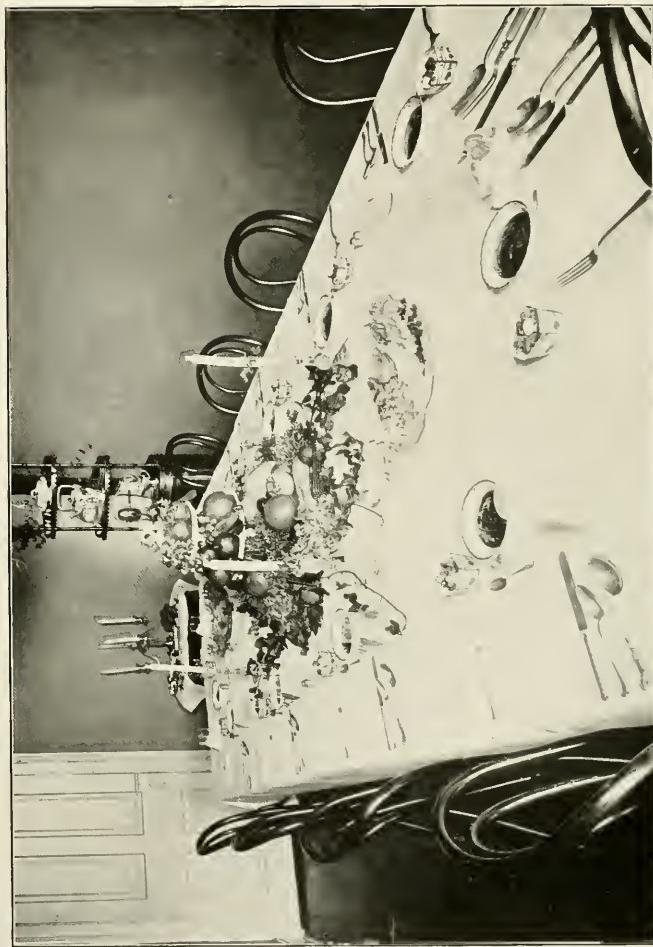
MARY JACKSON

MARJORIE JOHNSON

GLADYS PARKER

PAULINE WELLER





DOMESTIC SCIENCE DINING ROOM



## Domestic Science Seniors

MARY LOVE BARINGTON  
GRAY DEANS  
MARY FORD FINCH  
LOLITA CRUSER  
ANNA WOLF

MIRIAN BRISTOR  
NATALIE LAURENCE  
HARRIET SPROUL  
KATHRYN COX  
ALICE MONTGOMERY

### WE BELIEVE

That home-making should be regarded as a profession.

That on the home foundation is built all that is good in state or individual.

That economy does not mean spending a small amount of money, but in getting the largest returns for the money expended.

That the home-maker should be as alert to make progress in her life-work as is the business or professional man.

That the most profitable, the most interesting study for women is the home, for it center all of the issues of life.

That the study of home problems may be made of no less cultural value than the study of history or literature, and that it is much more immediate.

## The Transforming Power

It gave  
To me  
A feeling queer,  
As if  
My life  
Were gay, not drear.

Before,  
I knew  
That I was sad,  
But now,  
The world  
For me is glad.

I can't  
Explain  
That glorious thought  
That God  
Into  
My heart has brought  
The wondrous power of love!

---

## Winter

The sky is white  
And the snow is white  
And the world is white today.  
And the road that leads  
O'er the mountain top  
Is a gleaming milky way.

Oh, the wind is gay  
And the snow flakes play  
And the world is a joyous place;  
And the heart sings low  
That the sun-lit snow  
Is a smile on a great white face.

ELIZABETH WILSON.



# Publications



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## The Athletic Spirit

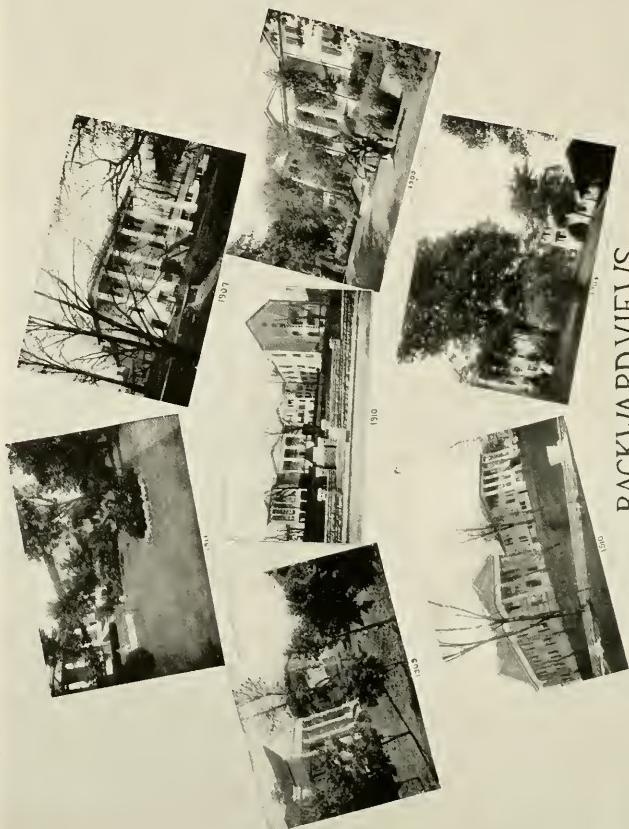
*The Athletic Spirit* is a paper published semi-monthly by the Athletic Association. Its object is to bring to the attention of the student body just what the Athletic Association is accomplishing in school.

The staff is composed of the council members, namely:

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ELOISE ALLEN	RETTA CONEY
MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER	ELsie JONES
ANNA WOLF	EMILY PITZER KYLE

*Faculty Adviser* ..... Miss BONES

BACKWARD VIEWS





## **P. W. C. A. Cabinet**

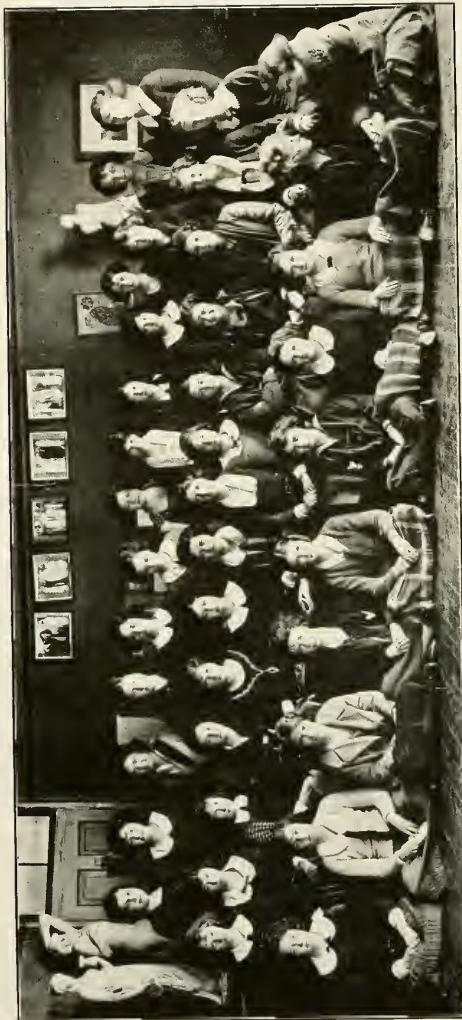
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<i>Treasurer</i> .....	CLAIBORNE O'NEAL
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<i>Chairman Social Committee</i> .....	LOLITA CRUSER
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Y. W. C. A. CABINET

## D. W. C. A. Committee

### Photo



### Religious Services

Morning Watch ..... Thursday, 8:00 a. m.  
Bible Study ..... Oct., Nov., Wednesday, 3:00 p. m.  
World Fellowship . . . Feb., Mar., Wednesday 3:00 p. m.  
Y. W. C. A. ..... Sabbath, 6:30 p. m.  
Cabinet ..... Tuesday, 6:30 p. m.

### Members of D. W. C. A.

The Entire Student Body

**Purpose**  
To live as a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.  
To seek to lead others to a life of fellowship with  
Him.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith  
the Lord of Hosts."—Zechariah 3:6.



## Heads of Organizations

EMILY PITZER KYLE .....	<i>President of the Senior Literary Society</i>
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DOUGLAS SUMMERS .....	<i>President of History Club</i>
GRACE WILLIAMS .....	<i>La Presidente Il Club Italiano</i>
VIRGINIA HENDERLITE .....	<i>President of the Latin Club</i>
MAITLAND THOMPSON .....	<i>President of the Dramatic Club</i>
CARMEN CERECEDO .....	<i>President of the Art Club</i>

# Senior Literary Society

## Officers

<i>President</i> .....	EMILY PITZER KYLE
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<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> .....	MARY LOVE BABINGTON

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HARDIE, ANNE	OGDEN, KATHERINE	WYSE, HARDENIA
HARRIS, ELIZABETH	PALMER, MARIAN	YATES, EMILY
HARRISON, NINA		ZIMMERMAN, MARY ELIZABETH

# *Junior Literary Society*

## *Officers*

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<i>Secretary</i> .....	CHARLOTTE WALLACE
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	LUCY PAGE COFFMAN
<i>Captain Orange Side</i> .....	MARY G. WOOD
<i>Captain Black Side</i> .....	VIRGINIA BULL
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DOROTHY BELL	FRANCES GATEWOOD	HILDA RICHARDSON
MARGARET BISHOP	MARTHA GRIFFIN	CHARLOTTE RUSHTON
ANNE BOYD	MARGARET GAGE	VIRGINIA STEVENS
CATHERINE CARSON	JANE HARMAN	BETTY STEVENS
LOLITA CRUSER	LUCY HENEBERGER	MARGARET SPRAGINS
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LUCILE COX	VIRGINIA LOWMAN	ELIZABETH TERRELL
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GRAY DEANS	MARIE MURRAY	SARAH WELLS
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AGNES DUNLOP	MARY MCCOLLUM	IRMA WARFIELD
	EVELYN ORR	

# Hawthorne Literary Society

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<i>President</i> .....	ELOISE ALLEN
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	VERGINIA BOXLEY
<i>Secretary</i> .....	ELLEN MORRIS
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	RACHEL CRESWELL

## Members

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EMMA BOXLEY	BESSIE MORRIS
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VIRGINIA CUMMINGS	ELIZABETH POTTER
LUCY HEATH	ELIZABETH PAYNE
FLORENCE HARDEMAN	KATHERINE PEATROSS
ELIZABETH KINGMAN	INEZ RICHARDS
COREATHERS LANDIS	AGNES SPROUL
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ANNE WILSON	

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## Officers

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<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Evelyn Marion
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Laura Vaughan
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Hope Glick
<i>Faculty Advisers</i> .....	Miss Hullihen; Miss Fraser

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BERNYCE ANDERSON	LUCILE McASHAN
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MARION BASKERVILLE	MARIE MURRAY
MARY ELLEN BOWEN	MARY B. MITCHELL
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ALICE BUCHANAN	AGNES NOLAN
ELVA LEE CHEW	MARY C. PATTERSON
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MARGARET DANIELS	VIRGINIA REAY
LUCY DENTON	SALLIE SCHENCK
CAROLYN EAGLE	ESTELLE SEIBERT
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ELEANOR FOLK	DOUGLAS SUMMERS
CORINE GASTER	MARGARET SPRAGINS
HOPE GLICK	FRANCES SPROUL
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LOIS LAMPKIN	Laura Vaughan
LUCY LAMPKIN	ELIZABETH WILSON

EMELYN WYSE

## Spanish Club

### Officers

<i>President</i> .....	VIVIAN MURRAY
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	ELIZABETH HOY
<i>Secretary</i> .....	JEANNETTE ECKFELDT
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	JANE DENNIS

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HELEN BENSON	MARION LEVI
FLORENCE BROOKS	HELEN McCLEUER
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MARGERY DUFFIE	PAULINE WELLER
MONICA FRISCHKORN	FANNIE WILLIAMS
HELENE GILBERT	ANNA WILSON
ELEANOR HENDERSON	DOROTHY WOODS

# Il Club Italiano

## Il Motto

*Meglio tardi che mai*

## La Fiore

La rosa

## I Colori

Rosso, bianco, everdi

## Le Ufficiole

<i>La Presidente</i> .....	GRACE WILLIAMS
<i>La Segretaria</i> .....	GLADYS PARKER
<i>La Tesoreria</i> .....	MARY GRAY WOOD
<i>Le Direttore</i> .....	LA SIGNORINA CHORN

## Le Membre

GIFFIN, G.

HOLLISTER, C.

PARKER, GLADYS

WOOD, M. G.

WILLIAMS, G.

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### Officers

<i>President</i> .....	VIRGINIA HENDERLITE
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	ALPHONSINE STEWART
<i>Secretary</i> .....	ROCIER MARTIN
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	AUGUSTA SMITH
<i>Directors</i> .....	MISS McFARLAND, MISS SCHAFFER

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BULL, VIRGINIA	LISTER, MARION
CARLETON, FRANCES	MARTIN, ROCIER
CARSON, CATHERINE	MARSHALL, GLENORA
CURRY, DOROTHY	MITCHELL, MARY BENHAM
DANIEL, MARION	MOSELEY, FRANCES
DERBYSHIRE, ANNE	NOLAN, AGNES
DOLL, GERTRUDE	OGDEN, KATHERINE
DUNLOP, AGNES	OLIVIER, ELIZABETH
EDGAR, MARGUERITE	RATCHFORD, ETHEL
FOLK, ELEANOR	SMITH, AUGUSTA
GLICK, HOPE	STEWART, ALPHONSINE
GRAVES, AUDREY	TULLY, MAURINE
HEARNE, MARY	VAN HORN, MONA
HEARNE, VIRGINIA	WARFIELD, IRMA
HENDERLITE, VIRGINIA	WELLS, SARAH
HENDON, NANCY LEE	WILLIAMS, GRACE
HOLLISTER, KATHERINE	WILSON, ELIZABETH
	-
	WOODS, DOROTHY

# Dramatic Club

MISS ARA CORNELIUS, *Director*

## Officers

<i>President</i> .....	MAITLAND THOMPSON
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	MARY LOVE BABINGTON
<i>Secretary</i> .....	CONSTANCE CURRY
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MARTHA BOXLEY
<i>Reporter</i> .....	MARGARET BUILDER

## Members

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MARY ELLEN BOWEN	LOUISE HODGES	AGNES TERRELL
SUE BENSON	MARY JACKSON	MAITLAND THOMPSON
DOROTHY BELL	KATHARINE MCKNIGHT	RUTH THOMPSON
RETTA CONEY	EVELYN MARION	CAROLINE WARNER
	KATIE DALE MITCHELL	

DIRECTOR'S RECITAL

CURRY MEMORIAL PROGRAM

MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAM

DRAMATIC RECITAL

GRADUATES' RECITALS



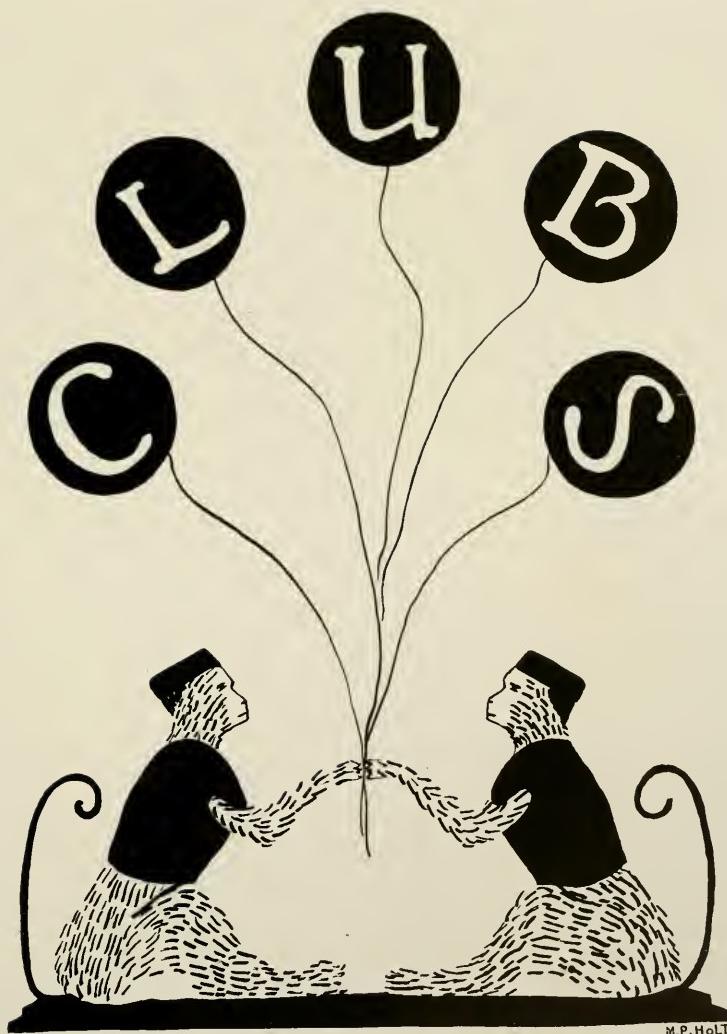
## Art Club

### Officers

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Vice-President ..... LUCY PAGE COFFMAN  
Secretary ..... SUSANNAH DODGE  
Treasurer ..... JEANETTE ECKFELDT  
Miss MEYER, Faculty Advisor

### Members

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ELIZABETH BAINES  
OLIVE BLACKBURN  
ELIZABETH BROWN  
ELEANOR FOIK  
MARGARET FRASIER  
FRANCES GATEWOOD  
ANNA MAXWELL  
MARTHA MONG  
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VIRGINIA MANTZ  
FRANCES SPROUT  
BETTY STEPHENS  
VIRGINIA STEPHENS  
DOUGLAS SUMMERS  
OZELIA WHITE  
FANNIE WILLIAMS  
ELIZABETH WILSON  
ELIZABETH WYLSE



M.P. HOLT



## Virginia Club

*President* ..... LOLITA CRUSER

### Motto

*Sic semper tyrannis*

### Song

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

### Flower

Wall Flower

### Members

PAULINE ADAMS  
MARY ELLEN BOWEN  
MARTHA BOXLEY  
EMMA BOXLEY  
VIRGINIA BOXLEY  
FLORENCE BROOKS  
EVA COOK  
LOLITA CRUSER  
MARIAN DANIEL  
ANNE DERBYSHIRE  
MONICA FRISCHKORN

GUSSIE GIFFIN  
AUDREY GRAVES  
JANE HARMAN  
NINA HARRISON  
FRANCES LEYS  
VIRGINIA LOWMAN  
VIRGINIA MANTZ  
FANNIE NOTTINGHAM  
LILLIAN NOTTINGHAM  
VIRGINIA PALMER

KATHERINE PEATROSS  
MACON PETTJOHN  
HILDA RICHARDSON  
MARGARET SAUNDERS  
SALLIE SCHENK  
FRANCES SPROUL  
GERTRUDE STICKLEY  
DOUGLAS SUMMERS  
MARGARET VAN DEVANTER  
LOIS WEBSTER  
OZELIA WHITE



## West Virginia Club

### **¶otto**

*Montani semper liberi*

### **Flower**

Rhododendron

### **Colors**

Blue and Gold

### **Song**

The West Virginia Hills

*President . . . . .* JOSEPHINE DONOVAN

### **Members**

VIRGINIA CARR

HELENE GILBERT

VIRGINIA REAY

CAROLYN EAGLE

MARY JACKSON

MAURINE TULLY

JUANITA FOUGHT

ROCIER MARTIN

RUTH THOMPSON

GEORGIA GAINER

AGNES NOLAN

MARY ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN



## Carolina Club

### Motto

*Esse quam videri*

### Flower

Pine

### Colors

Carolina Sunshine

President ..... GRAY DEANS

### Members

MARY LOVE BABINGTON

ELIZABETH HARRIS

MARY E. PERKINS

Alice Buchanan

LUCY HEATH

LILA RHETT

LOIS CROWELL

MARY LILY HEARNE

SALLIE SCHENCK

MARGARET DEANS

VIRGINIA HEARNE

MARY THORPE SMITH

MARY FORD FINCH

VIRGINIA HENDERLITE

MAITLAND THOMPSON

MARGARET FOREMAN

LOUISE HODGES

SARAH WELLS

ANNE HARDIE

FRANCES MOSELEY

CATHERINE WELLS

Claiborne O'Neal



## Maryland Club

### **H**otto

*Work hard, think straight, live square*

### **F**lower

Black-eyed Susan

### **C**olors

Orange and Black

### **S**ong

Maryland, My Maryland

*President .....*, ELIZABETH HUFMAN

### **M**embers

VIRGINIA AARONSON

MARY ELLEN DAVIS

ANNE WILSON

SUE BENSON

DOROTHEA DORSON

ANNA WAGAMAN

HELEN BENSON

Alice Lemen

IRMA WARFIELD

KATHERINE DAVIS

GRACE WILLIAMS

MARGARET SPRAGINS

MONA VAN HORN



## Georgia Club

### Motto

*Everything is peaches down in Georgia*

### Flower

Peach Blossom

### Colors

White and Green

*President . . . . .* ELOISE ALLEN

### Members

NELLA AVERY	INEZ KELLER	KATIE DALE MITCHELL
RETTA CONEY	LUCY LAMPKIN	MARY CAMPBELL PATTERSON
LOUISE DYESS	LOIS LAMPKIN	HENRI SINCLAIR
MARTHA GRIFFIN	VIVIAN MORGAN	ELIZABETH TERRELL
FLORENCE HARDEMAN	JENNIE MAE McCURRY	ANNA WOLF



## Dixie Club

### Motto

*They made it twice as nice as Paradise and called it Dixieland*

### Flower

Black-eyed Susan

### Officers

President .....	MARGARET BUILDER
Vice-President .....	ALICE MONTGOMERY
Secretary and Treasurer .....	SUSANNAH DODGE

### Members

RUTH ALBERT	VIVIAN GAY	MARJORIE MYER
MARION BASKERVILLE	HOPE GLICK	KATHERINE OGDEN
ELIZABETH BIVINS	FRANCES GOTTFEN	EVELYN ORR
ANNE BOYD	NANCY HENDON	ELIZABETH POTTER
GERTRUDE BROWN	MARY FRANCES HUTCHINSON	ELIZABETH PUTNAM
MARGARET BUILDER	CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN	CHARLOTTE RUSHTON
LUCILE COX	KATHERINE McKNIGHT	AUGUSTA SMITH
SARAH CRENSHAW	ATIE McDONALD	ALPHONSINE STEWART
SUSANNAH DODGE	EVELYN MARION	LAURA VAUGHAN
ELEANOR FOLK	ANNA MAXWELL	ELIZABETH WILSON
	Alice Montgomery	
	Marie Murray	

## Texas Club

**otto**

*"Remember the Alamo"*

**Song**

*"The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You"*



**Flower**

Blue Bonnett

**President**

DOROTHY BELL

**Members**

DOROTHY BELL

CATHERINE CARSON

RACHEL CRESSWELL

MARGARET DANIELS

ELEANOR HENDERSON

MARY LOUISE LAURENCE

LUCILE LISTER

MARION LISTER

LUCILE MCASHAN

MARGARET SKILLMAN

FLORENCE SMITH

AGNES BELL TERRELL

FANNIE WILLIAMS

# PYANKEE CLUB

## Song

Yankee Doodle

## Motto

*United we stand, divided we fall*

## Colors

Red, White, and Blue



## Flower

Snowball

## President

ALYSE RUMPF

## Members

MARJORIE ADAMS  
MARGARET BISHOP  
NAN BRUEN  
MARION BULLETT  
CATHERINE CADMUS  
CARMEN CEREUDO  
LOUISE CLARK  
MARION FRASIER  
MAYLIA GREEN  
LUCY HENEBERGER  
VIRGINIA HENEBERGER  
KATHERINE HOLLISTER  
GLENORA MARSHALL  
HELEN MCCLURE  
MARTHA MONG  
RUTH MOWERY  
GERTRUDE PIERCE  
GERTRUDE PRICE  
EDYTHE RUMPF  
MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER  
DOROTHY SHOEMAKER  
ESTELLE SEIBERT  
ELIZABETH WILSON  
DOROTHY WOODS  
MILDRED MARSHALL



## Western Club

### ℳotto

*Go west, young man!*

### ℳower

Cactus

### ℳong

Little Grey Home in the West

*President .....* MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS

### ℳembers

NINA ANSLEY	MARGARET GAGE	JUNE NEWBOLD
MIRIAM BRISTOR	CORINNE GASTER	MARION PALMER
LILLIAN CASON	FRANCES GATEWOOD	INEZ RICHARDS
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN	RUSSELL GEURRANT	VIRGINIA STEPHENS
KATHRYN COX	Alice HINYAN	MARY GRAY WOOD
MARJORIE DUFFIE	VIVIAN MURRAY	JANE DENNIS



## Pennsylvania Club

### Flower

May Flower

### Colors

Red and White

### Song

Pennsylvania Song

*President* ..... JEANNETTE ECKFELDT

### Members

BERNICE ANDERSON

JEANNETTE ECKFELDT

LOUISE RANKIN

MARY MCCOLLUM

MARJORIE JOHNSON

HESTER SHAW

MARGARET ERWIN

BESSIE MORRIS

CHARLOTTE WALLACE

ELLEN MORRIS

# Cotillion Club

## Officers

*President* ..... LOLITA CRUSER  
*Secretary and Treasurer* ..... MARGARET BUILDER

## Members

ELOISE ALLEN	MARGARET DEANS	ANNA MANWELL
HELEN BENSON	JANE DENNIS	KATIE DALE MITCHELL
SUE BENSON	ANNE DESBYSHIRE	Alice MONTGOMERY
MARY GOOBLOE BILLINGS	SUSANNAH DODGE	CLAIBORNE O'NEAL
MARGARET BISHOP	JEANNETTE ECKFELDT	MARY CAMPBELL PATTERSON
ANNE BOYD	MARY FORD FINCH	MACON PETTILJOHN
EMMA BOXLEY	ELEANOR FOLK	GERTRUDE PIERCE
MARTHA BOXLEY	MARGARET GAGE	ELIZABETH PUTNAM
VIRGINIA BOXLEY	VIVIAN GAY	LILA RHETT
GERTRUDE BROWN	RUSSELL GUERRANT	HILDA RICHARDSON
FLORENCE BROOKS	ANNE HARDIE	ALYSE RUMPF
VIRGINIA BULL	JANE HARMAN	EDYTHE RUMPF
MARGARET BUILDER	NINA HARRISON	MARGARET SAUNDERS
MARIAN BULLETT	LOUISE HODGES	MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER
CARMEN CEREZO	NANCY LEE HENDON	HESTER SHAW
LOUISE CLARK	ELIZABETH HUFMAN	HENRI SINCLAIR
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN	MARJORIE JOHNSON	AUGUSTA SMITH
RETTA CONEY	ELSIE JONES	MARY THORPE SMITH
KATHRYN COX	EMILY PITZER KYLE	AGNES TERRELL
LUCILE COX	FRANCES LEYS	ELIZABETH TERRELL
LOIS CROWELL	LUCILE LISTER	MAITLAND THOMPSON
LOLITA CRUSER	MARIAN LISTER	Laura VAUGHAN
GRAY DEANS	LUCILE MCASHAN	CHARLOTTE WALLACE
	EVELYN MARION	
	MARY GRAY WOOD	







DRAMATICS



"THE WONDER HAT" - THANKSGIVING PLAY



"A ROMAN WEDDING" - THE LATIN CLUB



"LAS CASTILLOS DE TORRESNOBLES" - THE SPANISH CLUB



"A PICKED-UP DINNER"- THANKSGIVING PLAY



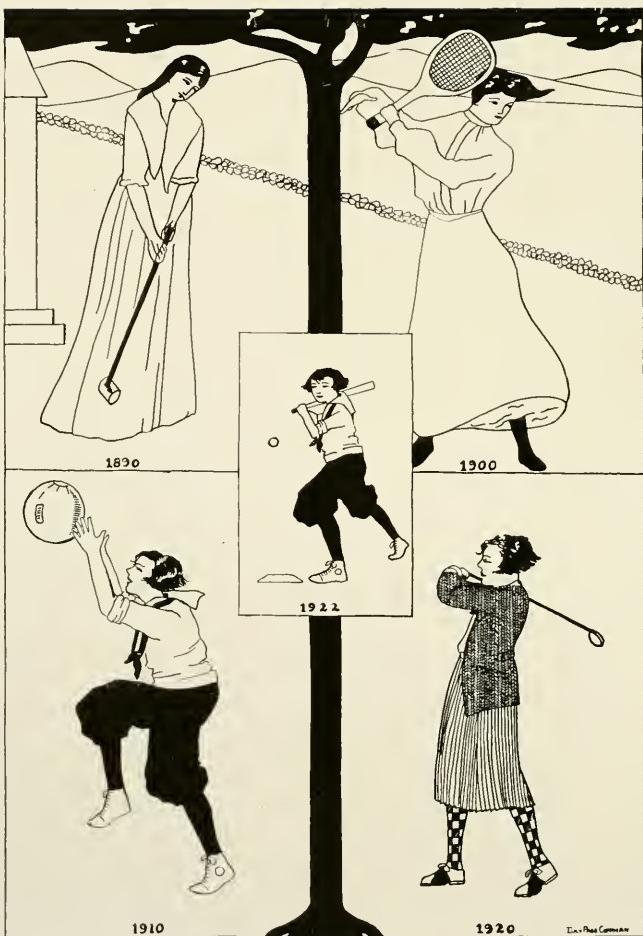
"THE LOTUS EATERS"- ART CLUB



MONA LISA-ART CLUB

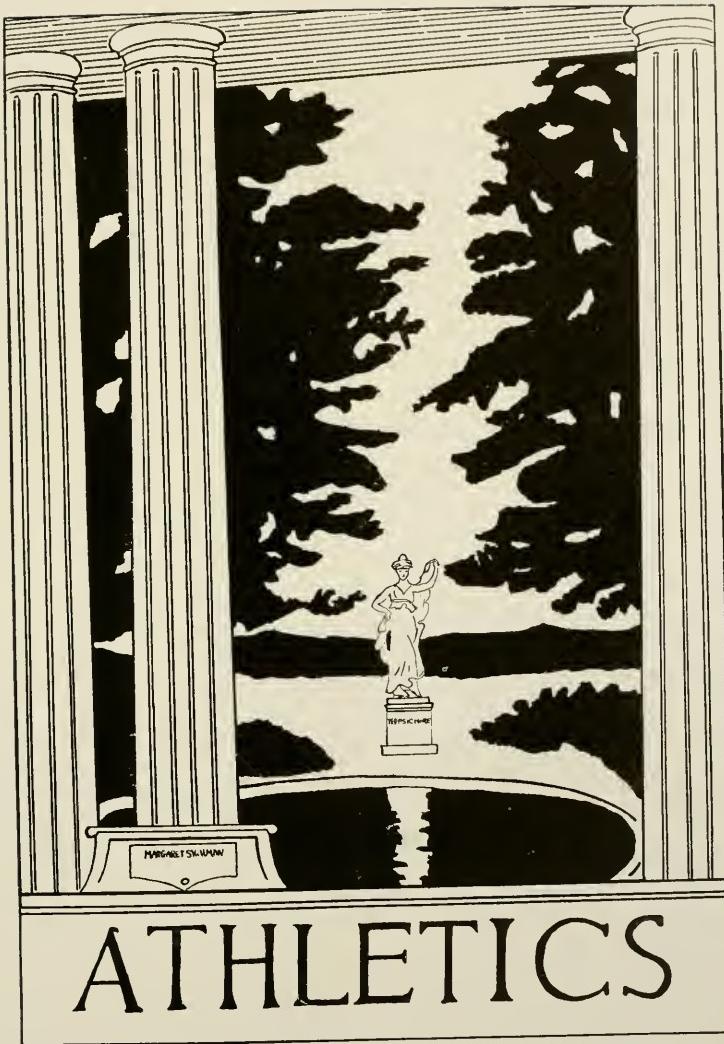


GAINSBOROUGH'S MRS. SIDDONS- ART CLUB



PROGRESSIVE GAMES

Dail-Peek Company



# ATHLETICS



THE ATHLETIC



ASSOCIATION



## A. A. Cabinet

### Officers

<i>President</i> . . . . .	GRAY DEANS
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	MARY FORD FINCH
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> . . . . .	ANNA WOLF

### Members

ELOISE ALLEN  
RETTA CONEY

EMILY PITZER KYLE

ELSIE JONES  
MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER

ATHLETIC  
COUNCIL





## White Basketball Team

MARY FORD FINCH	.....	<i>Center</i>
ELOISE ALLEN	.....	<i>Side Center</i>
GRAY DEANS	{	
MARION BULLETT	}	<i>Forward</i>
RACHEL CRESWELL	{	
RUTH ALBERT	}	<i>Guards</i>
MARY LOUISE LAWRENCE	.....	<i>Substitute</i>



## Yellow Basketball Team

*Center*

EMILY PITZER KYLE

*Side Center*

LOUISE HODGES

*Forwards*

VIRGINIA BULL

RETTA CONEY

*Guards*

EDYTHE RUMPF

FLORENCE SMITH



## White Baseball Team

GREY DEANS .....	<i>Pitcher</i>
RUTH ALBERT .....	<i>Catcher</i>
ELEANOR FOLK .....	<i>First Base</i>
ALYSE RUMPF .....	<i>Second Base</i>
MARION BULLETT .....	<i>Third Base</i>
MARY FORD FINCH .....	<i>Right Field</i>
GERTRUDE BROWN .....	<i>Left Field</i>
HENRI SINCLAIR .....	<i>Centre Field</i>
GUSSIE GIFFIN .....	<i>Short Stop</i>



## Yellow Baseball Team

LUCY PAGE COFFMAN .....	<i>Pitcher</i>
FLORENCE SMITH .....	<i>Catcher</i>
ELsie JONES .....	<i>First Base</i>
Louise Hodges .....	<i>Second Base</i>
Retta Coney .....	<i>Third Base</i>
Carmen Cerecedo .....	<i>Left Field</i>
Emily Pitzer Kyle .....	<i>Right Field</i>
Virginia Bull .....	<i>Short Stop</i>

## Songs and Yells

### SCHOOL SONG

M. B. S. the name we sing,  
And our voices proudly ring  
As we join the mighty chorus full and  
strong.  
Tho' our paths divided be  
We are loyal, true to thee,  
Home of happy schoolgirl days, the M. B. S.

On the hillside green it stands,  
Beacon light to distant lands,  
While colors float about it fair and free.  
Daughters fond from far and near,  
Pay a loving tribute here,  
Home of happy school-girl days, the M. B. S.

### CHORUS

White and yellow float forever,  
Colors bravest and the best:  
Make the echoes catch the strain,  
Sounding back the glad refrain,  
White and Yellow float forever, M. B. S.

### WHITE YELLS AND SONGS

(To Tune—Washington and Lee Swing)  
When the Yellows go to play basket-ball  
They're going to get a fearful 'sprize, that's all.  
They think that they are going to win this  
game,  
And to fool them so's just one great big  
shame,  
For we are going to fight with all our might.  
Put them in such a very sorry plight  
That when they try to win,  
Just watch us grin,  
Watch us grin,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Strawberry short cake  
Huckleberry pie  
V - i - c - t - o - r - y  
Whites—Whites.

The Yellow Team is narrow minded,  
Believe my soul they're stiff jointed,  
They play ball and do mind it  
All day long.

The White Team's broad minded,  
Believe my soul they're double jointed,  
They play ball and don't mind it  
All day long.

Ice-cream, soda water, ginger ale pop,  
White Team, White Team, always on the top.  
Stand 'em on their head, stand 'em on their feet  
White Team, White Team, can't be beat!

### YELLOW SONGS AND YELLS

Oh Yellow Team—  
Oh—that's the team that's fine.  
Oh, that's the team you can't surpass,  
No matter how you pine.  
Oh me, oh my, we bid those Whites good bye.  
If anyone loves the Yellow Team, it's  
I, I, I, I, I!

Did you ever see the Yellows lose, girls?  
Did you ever see the Yellows lose?  
No—no—kid! For they never—never did!  
The Yellows nev-er lose!!

Thought I heard somebody say,  
"The Yellow Team will win today."  
With a vevo—with a vivo—  
With a vevo—vivo—vum.

Bum—get a cat trap  
Bigger than a rat trap.  
Bum, get another—bigger than the other—  
Yellow, Yellow—ciss-boom bah—  
Team—Team—rah—rah—rah!

In your black and white, oh White Team,  
You look just all right, oh White Team.  
As you stand over there cheering loud  
We'll say that you're a good looking crowd.  
And when the day is done, even though you've  
won, oh White Team,  
There's something we've been thinking of late,  
We say it most emphatically  
We think you're Great!

Cheer the team as it comes on the floor,  
It's the team that will roll up the score!  
The guards get the ball every time!  
And then they pass it down the line.  
The centers will pass it with vim  
To the forwards, who always put it in,  
And we will be true to the end  
To the girls who fight so bravely for the  
Yellows.

## **Monogram Club**

### **BASEBALL**

LOUISE HODGES  
CARMEN CERECEDO  
VIRGINIA BULL  
ELSIE JONES  
MARY C. HENSON  
MARY FORD FINCH  
GRAY DEANS  
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN  
MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS

BASKET BALL  
VIRGINIA BULL  
MARY FORD FINCH  
LOUISE HODGES  
GRAY DEANS  
ELSIE JONES

### **TRACK**

GRAY DEANS  
DOUGLAS SUMMERS  
ELIZABETH PUTNAM  
ALPHONSINE STEWART  
VIRGINIA BULL  
CARMEN CERECEDO  
LOUISE HODGES

### **HOCKEY**

GRAY DEANS  
VIRGINIA BULL  
CARMEN CERECEDO  
ELIZABETH PUTMAN  
ALPHONSINE STEWART  
LOUISE HODGES

## **Prizes for Bluestocking Work**

Best Short Story, offered by Palais Royal, won by  
Marjorie Duffie.

Best Poem, offered by Beverly Book Company, won  
by Alice Montgomery.

Best Kodak Picture, offered by H. L. Lang & Co.,  
won by Alyse Rumpf.

Best Art Work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead,  
won by Lucy Page Coffman.

## Galice



ALICE and Fenwick came to us strangely, out of the stormy night. Out of a stormy night these two men came, and into the cozy "Spendrift," a small and very old saloon in Port La Vaca, they drifted. Inside its stuffy taproom were a red-hot stove to warm cold fingers and backs by and enough hot liquor to loosen silent tongues.

I had finished my rounds among the sick. Gyp, my horse, was comfortable in the stable, and I was sitting with two or three friends near the stove. There were glasses of toddy at our elbows.

Outside the autumn winds moaned, and a mysterious whistling as they raced through the crevices in the leaky old side of the saloon made one think of Pan weirdly piping. We heard the whisk of the winds and the lashings of the rain and the drip, drip, drip of the water in the sloppy corners where there were no winds. I can vision the place now—a knocking somewhere, the sudden bang of a door, the straining of hinges, and above all, the strong sweep, the mad hurtling of the gale high in the air. Inside—warm, yellow comfort.

At this moment the door was flung violently open.

All in the room turned. A large man with a chest as thick as a gorilla's stood in the doorway. He wore a soft, black hat, a mackinaw, and cowhide boots, all shining wet. Behind him and through the open door swished the rain and wind.

He stood at the door with one hand holding the knob, and slowly took in the room, from face to face, from stove to bar, and from rafters to worn floor. After a pause he stepped into the room with unexpected alacrity and tried to shut the door. But a second man squeezed through before the door was closed. For the first time in any of our lives we saw Galice.

There he stood before us, gazing unconcernedly about; his thick hair matted and dripping wet, falling over his high forehead, over his eyes, much like that of a little Pomeranian chow. An ill-fitting Prince Albert coat, heavy with the rain, reached to his shoe tops.

Galice followed his companion to the bar and stood behind him. The bar-keeper placed a bottle and glasses on the counter. One of these glasses the big man filled and then, apparently for the first time, as he returned the bottle, noticed that there was a second glass.

"Two glasses?" It was a thick, foggy voice. The attendant indicated Galice with a nod of his head.

"Galice?" The big man turned slowly around and stared down in disdain at his companion.

"Gentlemen," to us in the room, "that is Galice. Make your bow, Galice—pretty."

Curiously enough, Galice did, although our attention was directed to him with such ill-purposed formality. Galice's cadaverous face broke into a hundred wrinkles. He bent at the hips like a jack knife, hands to his sides, and swayed his body for an instant. Suddenly he bent down his arms, beat a quick tattoo on the floor with the palms of his hands, and then snapped his legs into the air, wiggled them facetiously and curled back to his feet again. Galice next bowed shortly and impersonally towards each corner of the room, as I used to see actors do when I was younger. The smile, fixed on his face, as if it had crystallized there, gradually faded out, and the wrinkles slowly spread away and disappeared, something like the ripple on the surface of a millpond.

"And my name's Fenwick," concluded the big man. His rumbling voice shivered us out of our absorption in Galice. Fenwick pronounced his own name with ponderous dignity, as if he expected us immediately to recognize it.

Fenwick filled the second glass. Galice snatched it up much as a cat snatches at a fly. With a glance at Fenwick, it communicated to me both amazement and incredulity, Galice hurried the glass to his blue lips. Fenwick watched him with half closed eyes, and just as the glass touched Galice's lips, Fenwick's hand deliberately reached out, grasped the glass, and swept it to be shattered to bits on the bar. The liquor flowed down the front of the counter to the floor.

Fenwick drank what was left in his own glass and retired to a chair in the shadows.

There wasn't any of us in the room who didn't involuntarily cry out at the cheap brutality of the act; not one who wasn't sorry for Galice, yet no one did a thing to help him. He wasn't the sort you especially cared to he'p. If he had been standing on a street corner, begging, you might have dropped a penny in his hat and passed quickly by, but you couldn't go to him in the "Spendrift," pat him on the shoulder to poultice his humiliation, and buy him another drink. He might have wept on your shoulder, he seemed ready to weep then, as he stood by the bar, looking at the dripping whiskey. His hands opened and shut, feeling, I thought, for the touch of Fenwick's throat. But he soon shuffled away to a vacant chair by Fenwick.

I didn't see Galice or Fenwick for a number of days after that, but I heard that they were building a shack up the beach, just beyond the settlement. Then, late one afternoon, I paid them a visit, an involuntary one.

Over in the west, the sun was sinking behind the horizon and changing the feathers of the clouds from white to orange. You know how splendidly it does it. When the sun disappeared, it left a suggestion of purple along the horizon.

My mind always goes ranging around the universe on a crisp day like that, and I found myself within sight of Galice and Fenwick before I realized where I was. They were mending the walls of an extension to their shack.

The house was uninviting, built chiefly of driftwood. The walls were a patchwork of painted and unpainted boards. The roof was covered with rusty sheets of tin, and the extension they were mending had once been a painted pilot house on some boat. A roll of blankets lay at the side of a sand dune, which rose near the extension, and on the blankets was a rifle.

Galice supported a board under the splintered cornice of the pilot house, held it in place over a board there, and Fenwick stood with a hammer poised to sink the nail already partly imbedded in the board. As I watched them from a short distance, I saw Galice draw back slightly and turn his head toward the man with the hammer. The board fell. Fenwick tried to catch it. The nail happened to scrape his bare fore-arm. Fenwick stared at the livid scratch on his arm. There was a heart-sinking smile on Galice's face. Fenwick leaped over, took Galice by the scruff of the neck and held the scratch on his arm up to Galice's eyes.

"See what you did?"

Then with his usual unhurried deliberateness Fenwick placed his right thumb on Galice's nose and pressed.

It was far from being funny. Galice writhed and shrieked with the torment of it. Tears rolled down his yellow cheeks. I sprang forward and picked up the gun, hoping it was loaded.

"Let go of Galice," I shouted.

Fenwick pitched Galice from him and Galice, moaning pitifully, dropped to the sands.

"Don't you come snooping around here, Mr. Doctor," Fenwick's indignation sputtered into words. "You need have d—— little interest in our affairs. Next time I'll be the one to get the gun first." I said something of no importance, put the gun back where I had found it, and walked home, mentally dead to the witchery of the falling dusk.

## II.

Fenwick and Galice remained on the outskirts of town for some months. In spite of the compelling curiosity of the villagers, they never learned anything of the newcomers beyond what I have already told you. The strange pair did odd jobs about the fisheries and they seemed able to pay their small bills to the evident satisfaction of the grocer and barkeeper.

Fenwick was always on the alert to show his contempt for Galice, to place petty annoyances upon him, and he did it with a thoughtful intent that might have been ludicrous if it hadn't been so palpably malevolent. Galice tried to avoid these absurdities; they were usually too trilling in their nature to be called insults, so solemnly as they were perpetrated. It had become a matter of habit for Galice to protect himself from such inevitable irritation, as it is a matter of habit for us to reach for our umbrellas when the clouds hang heavy and dark.

Of the two men, Galice was the more approachable. He never talked about himself or Fenwick, but he was always happy to exhibit his tricks to the children of the village, who soon learned that to follow the picturesque, frock-coated little

man was like following a circus. He would march along with Fenwick, apparently unconscious that the children were behind him, until suddenly he whisked about, his face wrinkled into that set, droll grin of his, to do a sharp handspring for them. Sometimes, eyes to the ground, he would snatch up a handful of pebbles, then turn to the children and juggle his pebbles. But whenever he drew close to them they scattered, frightened, like dry leaves before the winds.

"There was a time when they loved me," he would mutter. .

One night Galice came to my home, without his hat as usual, but in his everlasting Prince Albert.

"Doc, will you come with me, quick?" he whispered. He put a thin hand on my arm and I felt it tremble.

"Matter of importance to me, Doc. Nobody sick or hurt, yet you've got to come, he won't bother you."

Of course I went. Galice hurried along breathlessly, too busy with his own thoughts to talk, and I didn't ask him any questions. The sea was black, there was no moon, and the stars were buried. A death-cool breeze cut intermittently in from the sea.

Down the beach a faint glimmer shone from the single window of the shack. Fenwick wasn't at home when we reached the place.

An oil lamp stood in the middle of the roughly fashioned table, which was once a packing box. The lamp threw a yellow glow on the table and left the rest of the room in shadows. On the rude shelf behind the stove lay the rifle I had used on Fenwick. Two small kegs for chairs and two cots, which hadn't been made up, constituted the movable furniture. Over in the corner was a cupboard, and on the stove a pot of coffee boiled.

"In there," whispered Galice. "Hurry."

He pushed me into the little extension. It was little more than a smelly closet, filled with boxed sand, blankets, and tarpaulin.

"Keep your eyes to the crack of the door," whispered my strange companion.

"Will you please tell me what all this is about?" I demanded from the low door I had stooped to enter.

"Please go in," he pleaded, "he'll be here any minute and if he sees you it will spoil it all. For God's sake, don't let him know you're here, no matter what happens—unless——"

Galice didn't finish his sentence. He walked to the cupboard and brought out plates, knives, forks, spoons, and cups, setting the table for two. He was pouring the coffee when Fenwick came in. There was no word of greeting. Fenwick sat down on one of the kegs and Galice carried the coffee-pot back to the stove. Fenwick drank his coffee at a gul'p, though it was hot enough to scald him.

"Coffee," he growled, shaking his empty cup. I turned my eyes on Galice. "Coffee" seemed to be the cue he had been waiting for.

"Coffee, coffee, coffee," he remarked. "That's the last cup of coffee you'll ever drink, maybe."

Fenwick refused to raise even his eyelashes to that. He continued to hold out his cup, swinging it from side to side, significantly.

"Coffee?" Galice laughed. "Coffee, did he say? Just coffee, or coffee with just a little more—a little more—say—death in it?"

Galice leaned over towards Fenwick, his head cocked to one side, his knuckles resting on the edge of the table. His face twisted ghastly in the glow of the lamp light.

"Death," he repeated the word in a whisper.

"What the H—— you talking about?" Fenwick demanded harshly.

"Poison," quietly said Galice. Fenwick laid down his knife and fork and slowly rose from the keg.

"Yes, poison, d—— you, poison," Galice shrieked hysterically. His puny body tightened, ready to spring from Fenwick. "Poison was in one of them cups," he shrilled, "and I don't know which one, no more'n you—same's you gave to Nellie."

"What in H—— are you talking about?" Fenwick darted at Galice, caught and shook him.

"You know what. Paying you back. There was poison in one of them cups, but I don't know which one, 'cause I shuffled them. I drunk mine. See? And you drunk yours. We're quits, and one of us gets it good. Want to see what you'll do with a sporting chance I give you, Mister Fenwick, with your fine looks and muscles in your arms. I ain't so grand as you are, Mister Fenwick—if I'd a been, guess I could a kept Nellie. But I'm a sport." Fenwick struck Galice over the face with the palm of his hand.

"You haven't the nerve," he sneered, and walked away. On his keg again, he made as if to resume eating, but he hesitated with the knife at his lips. He placed it back on his plate, the clatter was a shock. He picked up the empty tin cup, held it by the light and examined the inside, scraping the bottom with his fork.

"You ain't got the nerve," he remarked impersonally.

But I could see he was disturbed, he had attempted to eat, but before he swallowed a mouthful he was on his feet again, pacing up and down, peered into the coffee pot, but didn't look long enough to see anything. He was chafing under a sense of physical helplessness. Galice moved with Fenwick, always keeping the table between them, apparently enjoying his anxiety.

"Galice, if I thought you did that for sure, I'd wring your neck with these two fingers."

"Maybe I did it for sure, and maybe I didn't," Galice sniggered. "Anyway, you'll know soon."

"You d—— little——" Fenwick sprang at Galice, but before he reached him I stood between them. "You again?" Fenwick snarled.

I opened my mouth to answer, but Galice doubled up hideously, and without a sound crumpled to the floor.

"Galice's got it," Fenwick's voice was high-pitched, with the ring of relief in it. "The little fool—that little fool—I didn't think he had the nerve." At that Fenwick threw back his great head and laughed.

I stooped down to Galice to find his eyes wide open, and his mouth pulled out into the unmistakable grin. He winked at me, and rolled over and pushed himself to his hands and knees.

"Hist, Fenwick," he whispered, "you're laughing too soon. He who laughs last laughs—yah. I fooled you that time. Maybe you drank the poison after all, and not me."

There was a snort of rage from Fenwick. He reached for the rifle and fired point blank at the little clown. A flash, a sob, and Galice fell forward.

"Doc," he screamed, "Doc, he's killed me. Have the law on him, Doc, have the law on him."

### III.

Galice died in my arms, but not until after he had told me snatches of his story. He had been an acrobatic clown, "a hit with the children," he said, and his wife, "no bigger than a minute," and "a queen of the air." Fenwick joined their "little act" as the strong man, who "twirled Nellie about like a beautiful white feather." Both Galice and his wife had been attracted by Fenwick's physical powers—the woman to her undoing. After his wife died, Galice found Fenwick and stuck to him like a leech, watching for an opportunity, in his weakness, to get even. They toured the country in an acrobatic skit, went broke, sold their equipment, and drifted into Port La Vaca.

"Death is the only dignity." These words came to me when Galice died. It was rather a complex way of committing suicide, wasn't it? We found Fenwick the next morning in a tempest of fear at slowly approaching death by poison. If he hadn't run away I might have set him at ease on that score at least.

Galice didn't use any poison. He didn't use anything at all. He whispered to me with a measure of pride just before he died, "Just a little frame-up," he panted.

MARJORIE DUFFIE.

## Minutes

They come, a silent procession,  
The minutes our lives allow,  
Trooping through the gate of the Future  
Into the Garden of Now.

They come and linger and pass on,  
A crowd as varied and queer  
As the throng in an ancient city  
When a feast day is drawing near.

Some are so bright that they dazzle  
And memory reflects their light  
Like the last rose glow of the sunset  
After the fall of night.

Others we hardly notice  
As they come on noiseless feet,  
And go out through the opposite gateway  
Where the Past and Oblivion meet.

There are some that are clad in mourning,  
And their steps are weary and slow,  
But we find through the clouds of sorrow  
A truer love may glow.

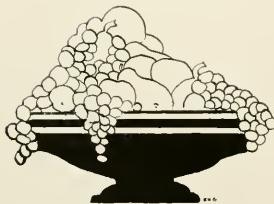
And some of us stand and watch them,  
Letting them come as they will,  
While some wish to hurry them onward,  
Watching the Future, still.

But a few in this world are wiser,  
And these few, only, see  
That these minutes are ours as they pass us,  
And go on to Eternity.

Ours for a fleeting instant,  
Then they're gone, and strive as we may  
We can't bring them back to live over.  
We must live the ones of today.

So we see them leave the Garden,  
And each one closes the gate  
On some deed that has watched its passing  
'Cross the great wide stage of Fate.

Alice Montgomery.



**SNAP-**



**SHOTS**



**PRIZE**



## Ming Toy



THE TEA is most excellent—quite worthy of my most honorable kinsman," purred Chong Wo, as his host, Cho San, motioned the little slave girl to refill the cups and withdraw. Chong Wo's gorgeously embroidered silk robe, his evil little eyes peering through the oblong slits in his oily yellow face, and his curved finger-nails set with brilliant gems, and long, sharp teeth similarly decorated, made him contrast sharply with Cho San, whose face was older and more wrinkled, but whose little black eyes held more of sadness and resignation than greed and cunning, whose robe was simpler, and whose nails and teeth were not ornamented. As the little yellow girl disappeared through the doorway Chong Wo settled himself more comfortably on his mat, and spoke: "The anger of the gods is great. The curse is still upon the house of Cho San. Each day have I, Chong Wo, worthy priest of the most high gods, offered unto them a double sacrifice, and each day have I interceded for thee and thy house, but it avails not."

Cho San remained silent, and Chong Wo, watching him intently, continued, "The honorable Sung To was cursed with a girl baby—but now—ah, the gods of Sung To are appeased, and once again is he in their favor." And Chong Wo drew from the folds of his robe a tiny jeweled dagger and tentatively felt its edge. "No more is there heard in the house of Sung To the unwelcome squeals of the girl baby. Ah, Cho San, your gods are jealous. They demand a *human* sacrifice—the sacrifice of Ming Toy!" Then Cho San answered. "Much do I worship the great gods, and much do I honor and reverence my worthy ancestors. But even though thou, my most honorable kinsman and priest of the most high gods, command it, Cho San will not believe they would have him send to them the spirit of Ming Toy."

"Ah, into the dust will be dragged the human will that strives with the will of the great gods, and low will be brought the name of the family," warned Chong Wo. "Already thy kinsmen are murmuring against thee, and like fire in the heart of Fujiyama is smoldering the anger of the gods. The sin of her mother is upon the house of Cho San, and not until the heart blood of Ming Toy pours crimson upon the altar shall the curse be abated."

With dignity Cho San replied, "The mother of Ming Toy was the child of Cho San, and though an unworthy white dog was her sire, in her veins is the blood of Cho San, and in her heart is the religion of Cho San."

"Ah, Ming Toy has found her way to your heart as the worm that destroys the plum," said Chong Wo sneeringly, "and as the worm destroys the fruit, so will she bring destruction on the house of Cho San." Then he continued magnanimously, "But I, Chong Wo, thy kinsman and priest, will take pity on thee, and save thee. Give unto me Ming Toy, and I will intercede for thee so eloquently

that the great gods will be charmed away from their anger, and once more will the house of Cho San be restored to favor, and once more, when the cherry trees blossom, may thou and thy kinsmen join in the festival."

Cho San's voice was still quiet and his face passive when he answered Chong Wo, but his eyes sparkled dangerously, "Chong Wo, vile thoughts scuttle behind thy sweet words like black rats. And *never* will Cho San give to thee Ming Toy."

Chong Wo arose. "I now leave you to meditate upon the words of Chong Wo. And at sunrise will I return—for Ming Toy. If you hold sacred your altars, and ancestors, and the name of Cho San—forget not the fate of Wang Lo. The word of the priest of the most high gods is not to be despised, and his wish not to be disregarded." And with an elaborate bow Chong Wo was gone, leaving behind him on the floor the tiny jeweled dagger. Then through the door, like a bright butterfly, darted Ming Toy, and fell on her knees before Cho San. Her creamy skin glowed with youth, her black hair was piled high on her little head, and her eyes were soft and dark. Her silk kimona was the bright blue of the bay, and the sash which caught it at the waist, and the chrysanthemums over her tiny ears, had borrowed their tints from the sunlight. She seemed more a part of the garden outside, with its sunshine, and budding cherry trees, and glimpse of the bay, than of this half darkened room, with its burning incense and grotesque idols and richly carved altar. And the eyes of old Cho San became tender as he looked on her.

"Ah, my most reverend and august grandsire," she cried, "I have heard the words of Chong Wo, and I entreat thee to save the house of Cho San, and offer Ming Toy, a sacrifice, to the angry gods."

"Ah, little one," replied Cho San, "little did you understand of the words of Chong Wo. Have no fear for Cho San. Only on the happiness of little Ming Toy does his happiness depend."

But that night, long after the household of Cho San was asleep, little Ming Toy knelt at the altar. And at last, when she arose, the frightened, questioning look of the child had gone from her great dark eyes—they were now the inscrutable, fatalistic eyes of the oriental woman. And silently she slipped out into the moonlit gardens to meet her lover.

"Ah, Ming Toy, at last!" and with a glad cry he sprang to meet her, but as Ming Toy shrank back he stopped. "You are not afraid, little one?"

"Ah, no, the fear and darkness are gone," she replied with a little laugh that was half a sob. "There is now only light—cold, terrible, light"—then she added slowly, as though it were a lesson she had learned, "Ming Toy cannot go with you tonight." His face blanched with horror, then he laughed uncertainly, as though trying to rouse himself from a bad dream, and he begged, "Ming Toy, do not jest on this, our wedding night. See—the great ship that tomorrow will carry us away, is now in the harbor." But she answered in a sad little voice, "Ah, no—there will

be no wedding night for Ming Toy." "Ah, Ming Toy," pleaded her lover, "even the cherry trees have waited to bloom on this night of our happiness. See—here are the first opening buds," and he broke a spray for her. "You would not have them blossom in vain."

"Ah, it is not for *our* love they bloom," she answered, "but for Japan—to make a holiday—for Japan. And unless I stay my kinsmen can hold no festival."

"Little one, it is for *us* they bloom. You *must* come away with me. I will take you," and he came nearer. But Ming Toy eluded his arms, her little hands fluttering at her throat like white moths, and she forced a little laugh. "Ah, no, you do not understand Ming Toy. Her heart is as the butterfly—you can not bind it. Her love is as the cherry blossom that fades as the days pass by. You must go away alone. Ming Toy stays in Japan—with her cherry blossoms and butterflies—and ancestors." He started to speak, but she stopped him and went hurriedly on, "It is all true. It was meant to be so. It is not for you nor Ming Toy to question the gods." He bowed his head, and with a fluttering little gesture, Ming Toy put out her hand. "Good by," she murmured softly, with a little sob in her voice. "May the great gods be kind to you, and give you happiness—and love." Then before he realized she was gone, she had darted away among the trees, leaving only a tiny spray of cherry blossom in his hand.

And the next morning as the great sun came up out of the bay, turning the water to shimmering gold, a lone little figure stood in the window. But it was not the sunrise she watched—she saw only a great boat which was slowly steaming out of the harbor. With a little sigh Ming Toy turned away, slowly she crossed the room and touched the faded spray of wistaria that yesterday had filled the room with its fragrance. For a moment she knelt before the altar, then—there was a stifled little cry, and the next moment as Cho San and Chong Wo entered the room they found the lifeless little body of Ming Toy on the altar, a tiny jeweled dagger beside her, still crimson and warm with her blood. At last, the voice of Cho San, cold, monotonous, and weary, broke the stillness. "Ah, my most reverend kinsman—the great gods have received their sacrifice—and without the aid of the honorable Chong Wo or Cho San." But after Chong Wo had gone, for a long time there knelt, beside the altar and the body of Ming Toy, old Cho San, and the silence was broken only by the soft murmur of the old man, as he prayed his gods to watch over the little one on her long journey, and once, by the shrill whistle of a great steamer as it left the harbor.

And that day there was a great festival and thanksgiving among the kinsmen of Cho San, for had not the very cherry trees burst into blossom to show that the gods were appeased and their favor regained? But, strange to say, Chong Wo did not take part in the festival, but sulked in his house—and as he puffed at his opium he floated gently away on a delicious cloud and forgot his disappointment.

And that night as a little wind played through the old cherry trees in the garden, they sighed softly to themselves, for they loved little Ming Toy, and it was for *her*, not for the hideous revelers who now crowded the gardens, that they had meant their blossoms. And as Ming Toy lay cold and still, there was crushed close in one little hand a tiny spray of cherry blossom, and over the heart of her lover, far out at sea, was another faded pink flower. And this, each of the old trees knew, and they sighed and sighed and sighed.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

A white cloud sailed away to the west  
Like a bubble blown from a pipe of pearl,  
And a tiny bird, with scarlet vest  
Flew up from the earth and followed it.  
I thought as I saw this bird and its guide  
What joy must be in the heart of the sky  
To have as guests in its bosom wide  
A fleecy White Cloud and a Scarlet Bird!

MARY BENHAM MITCHELL.



## Chosen

(The Land of the Morning Calm)

Little green hill overlooking the sea  
Where I long to be to gaze with thee,  
Out through the mouth of the yellow sea,  
'Tis thee of all things so dear to me.

Thou in thy cloak of Korean pine  
Looking so handsome, stately, and fine,  
Every tree that upon thee grew,  
Seemed to be a friend so true.

There's where my heart grew happy and gay  
Flitting and playing on your sides all day,  
There's where my youth was full of joy,  
Never in want of a pleasure or toy.

Many a land and place have I seen,  
But none can compare with this spot serene,  
There are lands to the east, and lands to the west  
But Korea, 'tis thee that I surely love best.

VIRGINIA BULL.

## Help Wanted



LIX GREENE had been "bounced" again! He had favored every "prep" school around New York with his presence for a short time, but his health required a change of air, he solemnly declared, as from month to month he changed his "umble 'ome." But this time it was not supposed to be funny, for it was his last chance. Little did this worry Hix, though, and he gaily started off in search of a job. Jobs, however, were not as plentiful as schools, and, time after time, he was turned away. Tired, but refusing to be discouraged, he stepped into an employment agency and seeing the long waiting line, he realized it would mean a temporary rest. While sitting there thinking, "Next!" brought him rudely back to grim realities, and he looked up in time to see a huge Finn slouch up to the desk. He watched her eagerly so that he might profit by her story and plan his own campaign accordingly.

The little lady who had called "next" sat behind the desk and asked questions so rapidly that Hix knew he would never be able to keep up with her and at the same time make his story consistent.

"Can you cook?" she asked the waiting monstrosity.

"Na-aw!"

"Can you do house work?"

"Na-aw!"

"Can you wash dishes?"

"Na-aw!"

In despair, the tortoise-shell-eyed questioner made her last appeal.

"Well, what can you do?"

"I kin milk a reindeer!" was the reply, slow but sure.

Just at this time, no one needed anyone to milk reindeers, so she was turned away.

Hix was highly amused until the awful thought struck him—what can I do?

The phone rang.

"Miss June?—yes, oh, I am so sorry!" was what he heard as he sat, wondering. "Eighteen—the poor little thing. I'll see what I can do for her right away. Yes."

As the receiver clicked, a pair of eyes looked along the disconsolate line.

"Is anyone applying for a butler's job?" was asked.

"A butler," repeated Hix vaguely, who had only "little Miss June, eighteen, and so sorry," on his mind. Unconsciously, he moved towards the desk.

"References, please!" were the welcoming words that came from behind the desk.

"Na-aw!" was on the end of Hix's tongue, but he bit it and said:

"Well, you see it was this way——!"

Many, many times had he used this excuse, and many, many times it had failed, but now as he looked at the creature across the desk and smiled, he saw that it had worked.

"You'll do!" she said, and gave him instructions.

The next thing Hix knew he was in a small third-story room, chuckling at the job, but clearly puzzled.

"I'm a butler, but what in the deuce shall I do? Morton answers the door-bell, takes the card to mother, and—oh, I can't do it, I don't even know how to begin."

But the thoughts of "little Miss June" still held sway, and he stepped out into the hall to view the surroundings. He could look directly down to the first floor, where a maid had just left a lady, saying, "Miss June will be right down, mam."

"At last," thought Hix, "I'll see the object of my foolishness," and it was with no small eagerness he leaned over the bannisters.

Suddenly there was a rustle, and down the stairs stepped a little old lady, who was greeted with a friendly, "My dear little Miss June." Eighteen? She was nearer eighty.

Now there was nothing slow about Hix, and it didn't take him long to get out of that house.

The next morning in the *Times*, the following advertisement appeared:

WANTED—An experienced butler with good references. Apply Miss June Acree, 18 Riverside Drive, City.

MARY ELIZABETH SEAGER.

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## Thinking of You

Walking in the garden  
At sunset, walking all alone.  
Watching the water of the fountain  
Run—, fall—, and foam.  
Walking among the roses  
And the grass so deep.  
Seeing little daisies  
Through the clover peep.  
Walking in the twilight,  
Feel the falling dew,  
Gazing at the moon,  
And thinking of you.

LUCY DENTON.



OUR MR. KING

## Can You Imagine?

Elizabeth Bivins without "them i's"?  
Margaret Builder unwelcome to Miss Higgins?  
Martha Boxley leading the choral class?  
Carmen Cerecedo hurting anyone's feelings?  
Catherine Cadmus all peped up?  
Constance Curry not debating?  
Evelyn Marion asking for a date?  
Mary Benham Mitchell making less than 99½?  
Gertrude Stickley in grand opera?  
Maitland Thompson with the blues?  
Thelma Kerr riding a bicycle?  
Margaret Van Devanter accepting an offer from Ziegfeld's?

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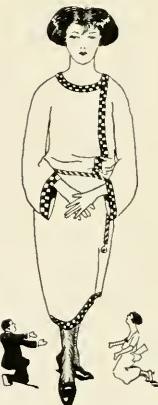
## Senior Music Rack

Elizabeth Bivins—They Go Wild Over Me.  
Margaret Builder—Sweetheart.  
Martha Boxley—I Don't Want to Get Well.  
Carmen Cerecedo—Lapaloma.  
Catherine Cadmus—Dreaming.  
Constance Curry—Honest Little Captain, I Am Strong for You.  
Evelyn Marion—Ole 'Tucky Home.  
Mary Benham Mitchell—Old Black——.  
Gertrude Stickley—How You Going to Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?  
Maitland Thompson—Just a Little Love.  
Thelma Kerr—Say It With Music.  
Margaret Van Devanter—Tell Me.

MOST STYLISH  
ANNE BOYD



MOST ADMIRED  
MARGARET BUILDER



BEST ALL ROUND  
LOUISE HODGES



BEST SPORT  
ELSIE JONES



PRETTIEST  
LOLITA CRUSER



CUTEST  
EDYTHE RUMPP

STATISTICS

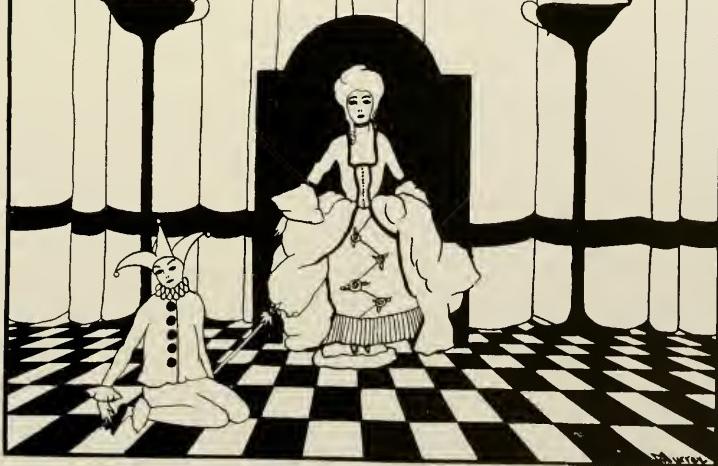


LUCY PAGE COTMAN

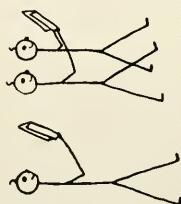
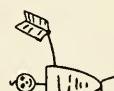
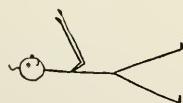
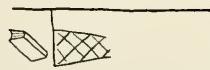
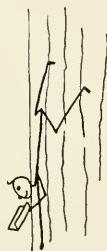
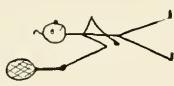
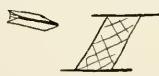
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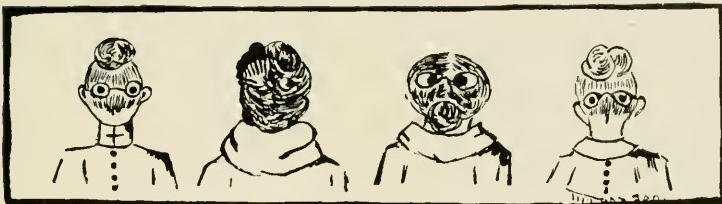


*Jokes*



Sports of  
the Season  
(@NBS)





## Eyes

There is a faculty in our school  
And it is wondrous wise;  
But gee—it sometimes seems to us  
They're mostly made of eyes.

For they watch us in the morning,  
They watch us in the night,  
We find them around each corner,  
We can't get out their sight.

Just try to say a word in class,  
You'll find that when you do  
An eagle eye is watching and  
Strange questions pop at you.

You plan to have a feast at night,  
But as you leave your room,  
A teacher grabs you sternly, and  
Demerits are your doom.

Just try to laugh after light bell,  
Or with your room mate chat,  
And quickly at your bed room door  
There comes a vicious pat.

Just try to chew a piece of gum,  
Or play out in the snow,  
And before you get good started  
The faculty will know.

You can't get by with anything,  
They never go to bed,  
And worse still—they've all got eyes in  
The back part of their head.

## Mary Baldwin Alphabet

- A** is the Annual which strives to make clear  
Some of the happenings during the year.
- B** stands for Builder, who has such good looks  
That her picture is found in all the year books.
- C** is for Cruser, who made the girls fall  
When she came dressed as "The Sheik" to the ball.
- D** stands for Deans, the basket-ball star,  
Known for her prowess both near and far.
- E** is for Eckfeldt, the girl who could paint  
A cow on its head if it were here—but it ain't.
- F** is our Fuzzy who each day would go  
Strutting down town in a different hued bow.
- G** is for Goodloe, the editor bright,  
Who runs the school paper, and does it just right.
- H** is for Henri and Hardie, whose names  
Already tell of their glorious fame.
- I** stands for Ibsen, the man who did write  
Plays that we studied way far in the night.
- J** is for Jane, the maid on the hall  
Who never slammed one door but slammed them all.
- K** is the "key-dets," who longing eyes cast  
Up at the school whene'er they walk past.
- L** is for Lister, who oft had a chance  
To show all the other girls how she could dance.

## BREAKING IN

A

NEW GIRL



- M** stands for Men, we don't know much about,  
For at M. B. S. we don't talk when we're out.
- N** is for "No One," whom we all recall  
Stood for some cards at a masquerade ball.
- O** is O'Neale of C'lina, you bet  
Who roomed with a girl by the name of Rhett.
- P** is the pictures that disgraced the screen,  
After Miss H—— came they no more were seen!!
- Q** is the Quarrels that all of us had,  
Some for a good cause and some for a bad.
- R** is for Rumpf, the girls we adore,  
Remember the room on McChng lower floor.
- S** is the Silence that always (?) would reign  
After the lights had been put out at ten.
- T** is the Time that you pulled a stunt  
Which gave you demerits for over a month.
- U** might be the girl, who since she came here  
Misspent or wasted the entire year.
- V** is Virginia, a girl or a state,  
It doesn't matter, as both are first rate..
- W** Miss Williamson, guard of our mail,  
Many tried bluffing, but—they'd always fail.
- X** is the X-pert in all of the sports  
On the gym floor or out on the courts.
- Y** is the Yellow Team, which but for the White,  
Would have had none in Athletics to fight.
- Z** is the Zeal that inspired this poor story  
Which figures some students who've won lots of glory.

E. P. K.



## A Lazy Girl's Letter



I'm in a 10der mood 2day,  
I feel poetic 2.  
For fun I'll just — off a line,  
And send it off 2 u.  
I'm sorry u've been 6 0 long,  
Don't be disconsol8,  
But bear your ills with 42de  
And they won't seem 2 gr8.



'Boots' Terrell had a little rule,  
It was a method fine—  
For every time she studied hard  
A rest cure came behind.

It happened on a Monday night,  
This very strange affair;  
Hodge—sat between them sore dismayed,  
For her date—it was a pear!

## Scandal at M. B. S.



Found in the Studio—A Coff-man, a Skill-man, and Car-men! How did they get by Miss G. Ed—nd—n?



If Richards dropped his Sea-ger, the Gatewood receive A-very Black-burn before any of the Folk could get Holt of it.

We've heard of lounge lizards, but now they have Step-hens in the studio. They are fed on Cere-seed-c, too.



## Ode to the Girl in Front

She slouches down into her seat,  
And then she starts to cross her feet.  
At first her head is tilted back,  
But then her motions grow more slack.

The books drop clear from out her grasp  
As first one hand, then both, unclasp.  
Then forward falls the old gray hat  
And peacefully she takes her nap.

Slumbering on in sweet repose,  
And sometimes "singing" through her nose.  
Her sweet dreams no trouble know  
Until a voice, "It's time to go."

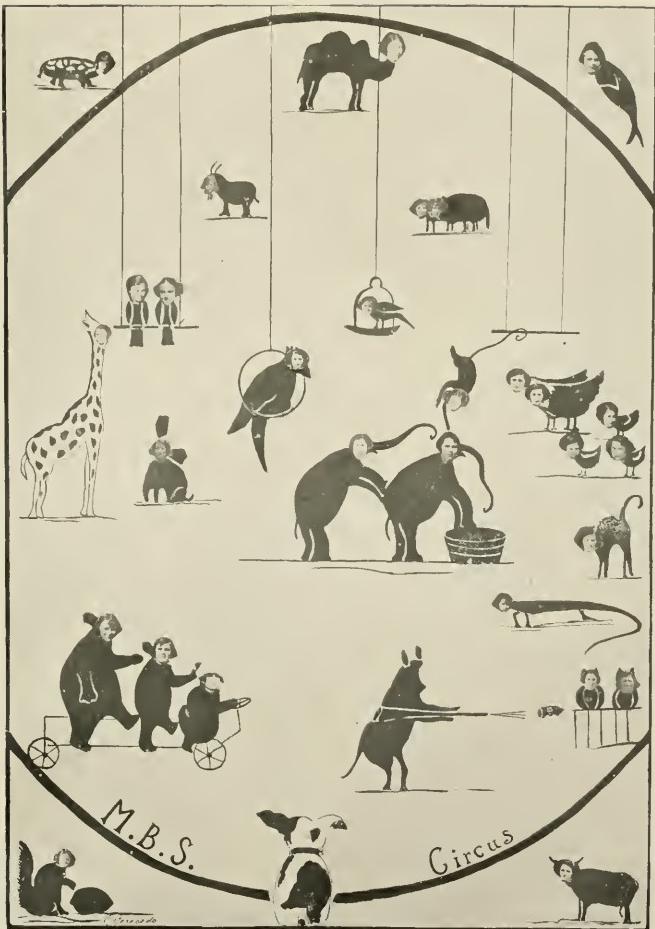
She missed the sermon, but grudge not the rest  
To that poor tired girl at M. B. S.

A. D.



# Who's Who and What

NAME	SHE IS	SHE THINKS SHE IS	CHIEF ATTRACTION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	SHE WANTS TO BE	SHE PROBABLY WILL BE	SHE IS USUALLY FOUND
Miss Higgins	Boss	Boss	Her smile	Young ladies!	Admired	What she wishes	Where we "speak" she ain't
Miss Cornelius	Undecided	Over-worked	"Expression"	Now say that naturally	Urge	Persuaded	With the young ones?
Miss Strauss	Our friend	Strict	Her frankness	You flatter yourself	Obeied	What she wants to be (undoubtedly)	On the go
Miss Hurlbert	Quality, not quantity	Sometimes inconsiderate	Worldly knowledge	All beginners make this mistake	Well up on everything	Always what she wants to be	In her favorite haunt, the "Tab."
Miss Meyer	Invaluable	Rushed with work	Executive ability	Have you been late before?	Of service	Imposed upon	Willing to help in any way
Miss Williamson	Full of curiosity	Responsible for us all	Faithfulness	Is he on your list?	Run for postmaster-general	Always taking care of us	"Johnny on the spot."
Miss Timberlake	Engaged	Lucky	Her ring	"I'm willing"	Married	All dressed up and nowhere to go	All dressed up and nowhere to go
Miss Dillon	Very popular during class periods	Too easy on the girls	The "done" she hands you	Is the pain eased	Counted in on all things	Out on business	Out on business
Miss Bones	Too old for the rest?	The same age as the rest	Her head—you see, the covering is red	Knowing Expression	As dignified as her position suggests	Planning how to get to N. C. again	Planning how to get to N. C. again
Miss White	Unsettled	A typical Virginian	Her walk	Smiling	A good sport	According to M.B.S., meaning	Looking for the others
Miss Stuart	Equivalent to "Book of Knowledge"	Called upon to give you benefit of the doubt	Admirable character	Exactly what her position calls for	More to the girls	More so?	With a word of encouragement for all
Miss Caldwell	Very proper	Called upon to keep the whole of McGlengh quiet	Her very stately manner	Try and finish this reading by a definite time	Write a theme on any of the following—	Where she wants to be	With the others
Miss Chorn	An admirer of Miss Caldwell	Worldly wise	Odor of food predominant in her room	Questioning Expression	With Miss Caldwell	Where she wants to be	With the others
Miss Du Pre	Different	Run over by the girls	Her misunderstanding of the Eng. language	W. T.	A friend to all	If you try to understand her	At five o'clock
Miss Montgomery	A possessor of a "yellow feeling"	Lazv	Her appreciation of "our fun"	An understanding Expression	As reasonable as possible	More reasonable than expected	With her room full of company
Miss Hulihen	Ambitious	Called upon to give us everything that has been or will be pertaining to History	Her historical brain	Very just and fair in her questions	Now young ladies, if we can just have quiet in the class	Found answering the question for you	Reading up on History



## Quiet Hour

(With apologies to *The Children's Hour*)

Between our dinner and supper  
Before the night begins to lower,  
Comes a pause in Sunday's occupation  
That is known as Quiet Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
Gay voices loud and shrill,  
Then the sound of a door that is opened  
And a teacher bids them be still.

From my door I see in the hallway  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Elizabeth  
And Edith with her bobbed hair.

A whisper—and then a silence,  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are planning and plotting together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
They seem to have no fear at all,  
But just as they dash to my room  
A teacher walks through the hall.

Into closets and under the bed  
In a minute they disappear,  
But a knock—and a teacher says,  
“Don’t deny it—three girls are hiding here !”

They are dragged forth without mercy,  
They are sent at once to their room,  
And left to repent at leisure  
With demerits as their doom.

Do you think, O gentle reader,  
That my rest has now begun?  
You're wrong—for there are letters  
And little jobs that must be done.

At last with weariness I stop  
And into my bed I fall,  
But I can not get to sleep  
For girls laughing up the hall.

The bell rings and I've had no peace,  
Still no one for this I blame,  
It's funny they call it Quiet Hour;  
But then—"what's in a name?"

J. L. HODGES.

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? ? ? . . .

Miss Higgins called a meeting  
In the court the other day,  
And she started out with,  
"Girls, there's just one thing I must say,  
Lately I've been hearing  
That you're bored with this school life,  
And to say that it has hurt me,  
Why, it cut me like a knife.  
So I've organized a bridge club  
And a dancing room for you,  
And I hope when you are lonely  
And have nothing else to do,  
You'll come into the club room  
And sit and chat with me,  
Now, I ask you, dear young ladies,  
Ain't we got fun, Oh, Gee!?

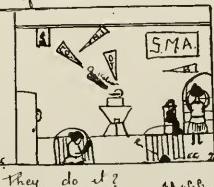
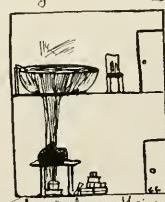
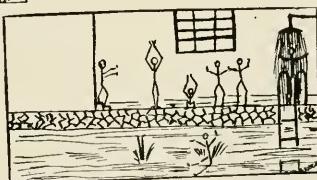
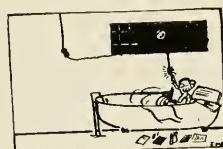
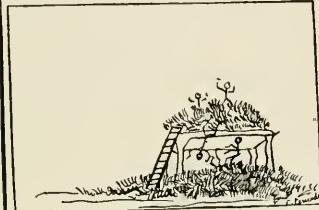
V. M.



STUDIO TALK

# DUTLINE HISTORY of M. B. S.

(with apologies to H.G. Wells.)



## Gone

Oh! Sadie, where did you put it?  
Sadie, where has it gone?  
Sadie, what have you cast away  
Since yesterday at dawn?

Sadie, didst know that your face  
Which once seemed to me so sweet,  
Has changed its whole expression,  
And all from that foolhardy feat?

Sadie, do you think it proper  
To copy what others may do?  
Sadie, can't you be quite different,  
Remaining aloof among few?

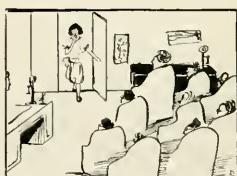
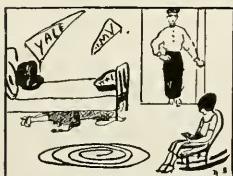
Sadie, have you ever thought  
That you from now on are changed?  
Yesterday morn, were you totally mad,  
Or only a little deranged?

Were you obeying an impulse,  
Or carrying out a dare?  
But Sadie I beg you to tell me,  
Why did you cut off your hair?????

E. P. K.



In  
the  
Wrong  
Place



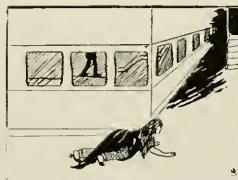
## Modern Learning

Pa says the days at M. B. S.  
 Are mighty good for me,  
 Because I learned so much about  
 What was and ought to be;  
 And that some day I'll make him proud  
 By being something great,  
 And then I says to Pa, says I,  
 "You'll not have long to wait,  
 'Cause every day my head's stuffed full  
 Of knowledge to the brim,  
 And pretty soon I'll know so much  
 That no more can soak in."

Then Pa looked at me kind'a 'prised,  
 Not thinkin' it was true,  
 And says, "I must have proofs, my gal,  
 Just give me one or two."  
 And then I got to telling him  
 How Shakespeare charged about  
 Upon a foaming milk-white steed,  
 And gave the Greeks a rout  
 At Marathon, when they had tried  
 To conquer the whole world  
 While right before their very eyes  
 The U. S. flag unfurled.  
 And then I told how Kaiser Bill  
 In sandals and a robe

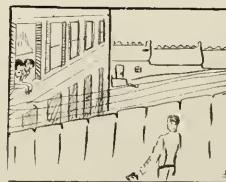
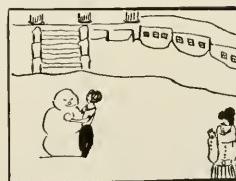


In  
the  
Wrong  
Place



at  
the  
Wrong  
Time

With hymn and prayer book in his hand,  
 Encircled the whole globe;  
 His object was in doing so  
 To Christianize the Goths;  
 His preaching won him many souls,  
 (He even got old Naboth)  
 And by his patient, kindly deeds  
 Was made a big hero.  
 Then Pa said, "Right!" but Ma, she said,  
 "Now wasn't that Nero?"  
 "Aw no," says I, "I guess I know.  
 And I can tell you more—  
 Ben Franklin died in A. D. 10.  
 H. Ford some years before;  
 Apollo was a king of Spain,  
 R. Kipling was a god,  
 And Cyrus McCormick was the first  
 To build a house of sod."  
 "Hold on," says Pa, "that's quite enough  
 To show me that you know  
 Enough to be a president,  
 A judge, or cop, and so  
 Three cheers for splendid M. B. S.,  
 The finest school around;  
 For teaching good sound knowledge,  
 It's equal can't be found.



## That's a Sure Sign

When you're where you wish you weren't  
And you're bound by iron rule,  
When you're starved and worked to death,  
Then you must be at boarding school—  
'Cause  
That's  
a  
Sure  
Sign!

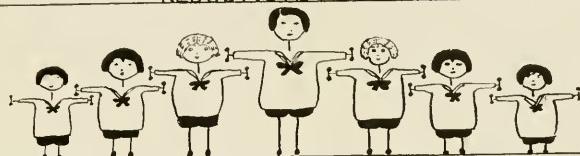
When your insides get all funny  
And when she speaks to you you blush,  
When you watch her every movement,  
Then I 'spec you got a crush.  
'Cause  
That's  
a  
Sure  
Sign!

When you've played at work all year,  
And at the end you have to cram,  
When your name's missing from the list,  
Then I guess you've flunked your exam.  
'Cause  
That's  
a  
Sure  
Sign!

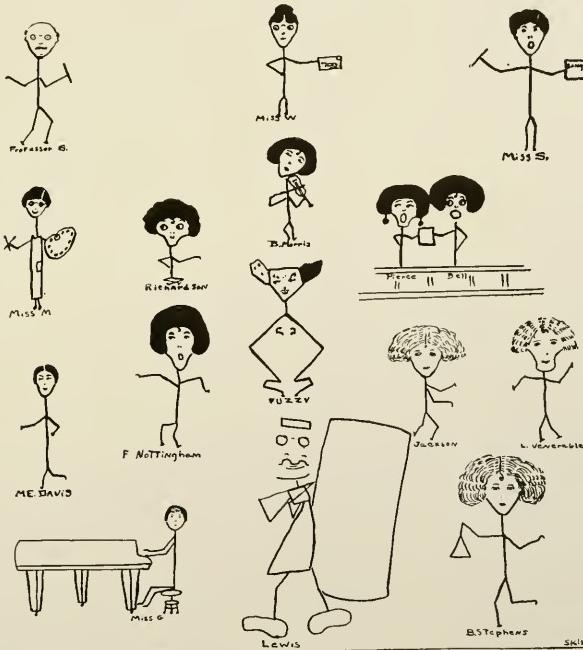
When girls start being sweet to you  
And come to your room in flocks,  
When they park on your bed all day,  
Then I bet you've got a box.  
'Cause  
That's  
a  
Sure  
Sign!

When you've tried to skip study hall,  
And have slipped out in the snow,  
When Miss Higgins calls you Sat'day,  
Then I'm afraid to office you'll go.  
'Cause  
That's  
a  
Sure  
Sign!

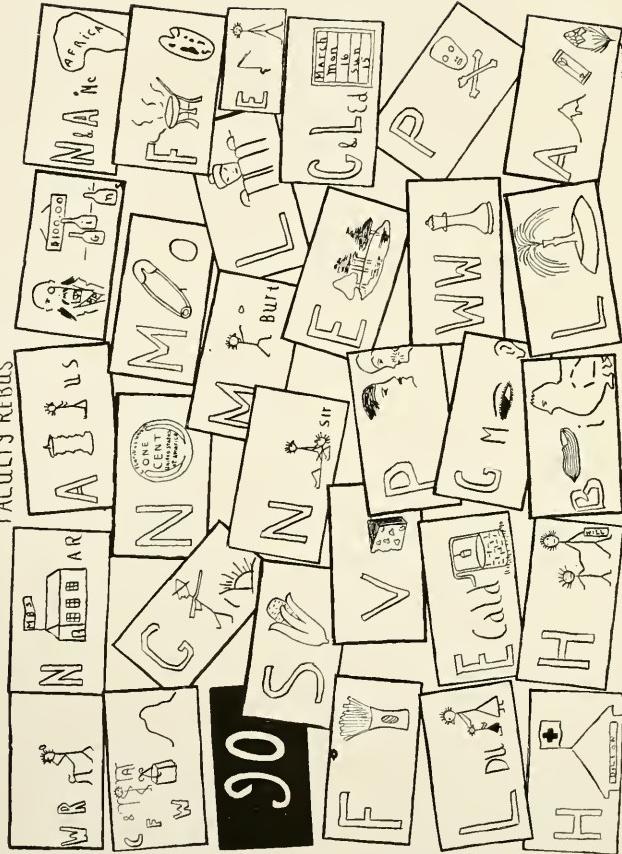
**BEFORE:-**  
**REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM**



**AFTER:-**  
**SKELETON CLUB**



FACULTY REBUS



## A Midnight Tragedy

It happened on a mid nite clear,  
This thing which I do tell,  
It was in a sunken garden  
The tragedy befell.

Now in this tale which I relate,  
The characters are three;  
She, the victim. He, the villain,  
And the moon which all did see.

The maiden dashed upon the scene,  
The villain close behind,  
And her wild cries that rent the air  
Would make you lose your mind.

'Round and 'round the garden they flew,  
Her face was drawn in pain;  
But tho' she ran like she was mad,  
The man began to gain.

The girl was shaking with terror,  
Her eyes showed she was cowed,  
And the moon he got so nervous  
He hid behind a cloud.

The man's eyes held a murderous gleam,  
His face it burned with hate;  
He made a lurch to grab the girl,  
But he grabbed for her too late.

For up a tree she ran in haste  
And perched upon a bough,  
All the poor frightened cat could say  
Was just a feeble "meow."

Just then the moon came out once more,  
And laughed aloud in glee,  
The man he growled but said not a word,  
For only a dog was he.

M. G. W.

# CYCLES OF STYLES



## Quiz

- I. Why did you come to M. B. S.?
  1. Because it was hereditary.—M. G. W.
  2. To make brains where before there was a vacuum.—M. S.
  3. To become a society straggler.—E. P. K.
- II. What was your most embarrassing moment?
  1. Calling Miss W. Priss to her face.—V. R.
  2. When my toga came unwrapped in the latin play.—L. H.
- III. What would you suggest as an improvement?
  1. Dances with the real "thing" instead of substitutes.—E. J.
  2. Let the mails (?) alone.—M. B.
  3. Down with imperialism.—E. P. K.
- IV. Chief characteristic of M. B. S. girl?
  1. Much talk, little brains.—L. H.
  2. "Dizzy."—A. D.
  3. Slow but sure.—E. T.
- V. What has seminary done for you?
  1. You're right, it's "done for" me.—L. H.
  2. Made me appreciate home.—E. J.
- VI. If not yourself, who had you rather be?
  1. Gussy.—C. C.
  2. Lolita Cruser or Charlie Chaplain, doesn't matter which.—L. H.
  3. The squirrel on our seal—he has nothing to do.—A. W.
  4. A Victrola, all they need is winding.—K. D. M.
  5. No one whatsoever.—E. H.
- VII. What was your new year's resolution?
  1. To acquire a reputation to run on.—K. D. M.
  2. To get fat if possible.—D. D.
- VIII. What is your favorite expression?
  1. Tell me something, daughter.—E. H.
  2. Kee! Koo! Honey!—L. H.
  3. I certify!—N. L. H.
- IX. Your motto?
  1. Shy but willing.—A. T.
  2. Green but growing.—L. C.
  3. Love is ahnigthy, but I'm not afraid.—A. R.
  4. Cheer up—every week has a week-end.—E. J.
- X. Your ambition?
  1. Not ambitious—Cæsar was killed for that.—B. S.
  2. To be papa's only little elephant.—A. B.
  3. To make tracks in the snow without leaving footprints.—K. D. M.

## Advertisements

(Comments as I read a magazine)

Of all the things we often eat,  
The worst I think is "Libby's meat."  
"Margerine," that well known "salve,"  
To taste it—Ugh! I'm sure you have!

There's "Durkees," which I deem a mess,  
But most of all's "Premier," I detest—  
Then "Royal," "Perfect," "made by our hands"  
"All right," "Sublime," and next "Getfands."

Such queer things to the fair sex are known—  
These are found in each feminine home.  
"Brillantine," "Bandoline," in place, in line—  
Now "Peroxide," "Sage Tea," and then "Turpentine."

Then, see, "there's a skin that we all love to touch"—  
It's "Woodberry's" make—and used very much.  
But, there's now out a new one (they say's hard to reach)  
It's just called "Lemon"—guaranteed to bleach.

"Mulsified Coco Oil" straight from Peru,  
Your hair just looks wonderful when you are through.  
"Ivory's" the best—with decision's been said—  
Can be used from your feet to the top of your head.

"Campbells" makes a lively start,  
But who likes soup down deep in their heart?  
And to cap the climax—fruit in season—  
Then, "Instant Postum"—see "there's a reason."

"Energine" will stand the test—  
Try it on your coat or dress!  
Then, "Pepsodent," the king of all,  
The tooth-paste for both young and small.

'Tis "Scot-tissue Towels" that you must choose,  
Dry your face and hands, then wipe your shoes!

"Freezone," on your toe a drop  
Will all your pain and troubles stop.

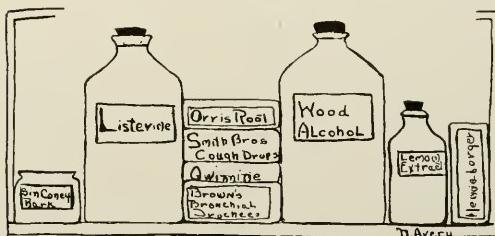
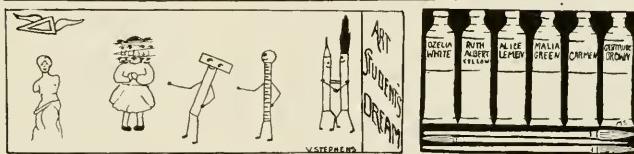
"Maxwell House" coffee to the final drop is fine—  
Then, "Butterick Patterns," with their superb, unique design.

"Sealdsweet Oranges" from Florida do come—  
Then, "Wrigleys" and "Adams," the best of all the gum.

A dandy car for Dad, for Mother, or even you—  
Is the "Baby-Bear-Cat Stutz"—  
In white, yellow, red, or blue.

All these things we read about—  
And some use them, with a smile—  
You see it's just these little things,  
That make our life worth while.

M. F.





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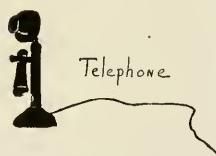
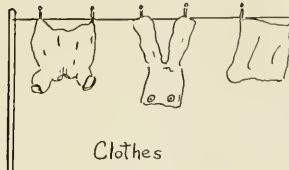
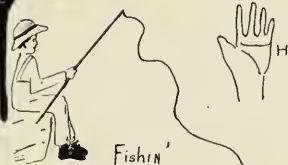
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Vertical

# LINES

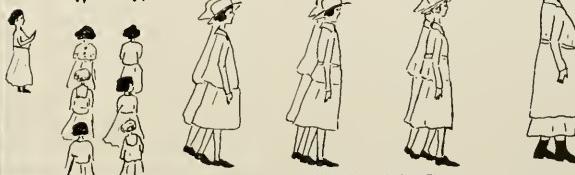
Obligee



Conversation

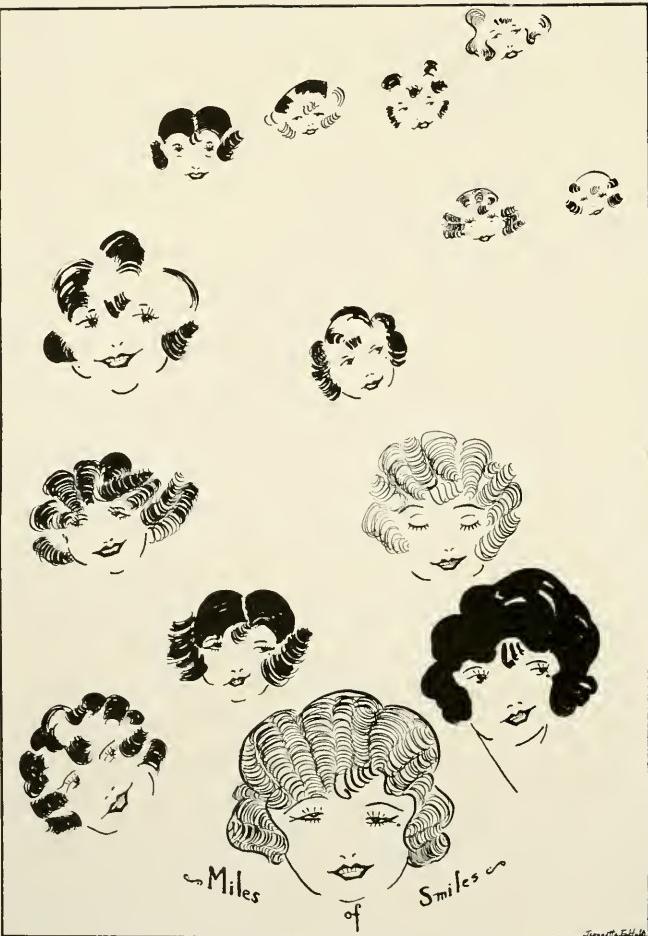


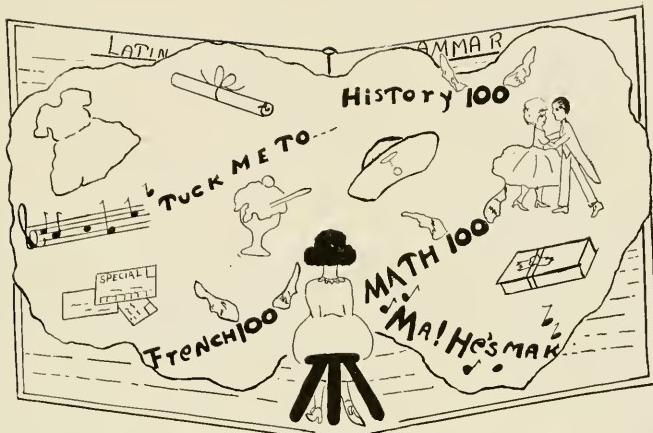
Social



M.B.S. LINE

EST 1911





Before Exams  
and... AFTER!!!



E HARRIS

## Toast to M. B. S.

Of all the schools, in all the world, there's only one for me;  
The one that *was*, the one that *is*, and the one that will always be.  
She's the brightest in honor and the highest in name  
And on the roll of glory is found her name.  
*"Virtute et opera"* is the Baldwin crest;  
In these she excells—as in faculty and zest,  
In study and knowledge her true self she proves,  
While in games and sport she seems never to lose.  
Here's to the school whose pride is my boast—  
To this school, the *only* school, I now make my toast:  
To the true school, the real school, the bravest and best,  
To your school, to my school, to our school—M. B. S.!!

D. SUMMERS.

## Afterword



ELL, this is the "annual" for 1922. Have you liked it? Enjoyed reading it? Is it a success?

If it meets with your favor it is because of the splendid co-operation of the student body, without which we, the editors, could have done nothing. Then let us bestow all sorts of gratitude on the staff, each member of which has done her duty faithfully and unceasingly.

Particularly do we appreciate Miss Stuart's assistance and the fact that she was ready at any and all times to hear our troubles and to help.

And we would acknowledge our debt to Miss Meyer, with whom it has been an absolute joy to work.

Last but not least of those to whom we are indebted, is Miss Strauss, who "always gets what she goes after." This time she went after the hundred and one necessary things which the rest of us had forgotten.



W.D.A.-2000

## **Alumnae Association**

*President*

MRS. ANNIE COBB-TOMS,  
Durham, N. C.

*First Vice-President*

MRS. ELIZABETH HANGER-CHALENOR,  
848 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

*Second Vice-President*

MRS. ANNIE HOTCHKISS-HOWISON,  
Staunton, Va.

*Corresponding Secretary*

MRS. HOWARD WILSON,  
Stuarts Draft, Va.

*Recording Secretary*

MRS. JANET STEPHENSON-ROLLER,  
Ft. Defiance, Va.

*Treasurer*

MISS FANNIE STRAUSS,  
Staunton, Va.

*Chairman Missionary Scholarship Committee*

MRS. ANNIE HOTCHKISS-HOWISON,  
Staunton, Va.

The Alumnae Association cordially wishes all the 1922 graduates and outgoing students to become members of this Association. The object of the organization is to perpetuate the feeling of loyalty toward the Seminary, and to keep the girls in close touch with the School and each other. The dues are one dollar on enrollment and one dollar per year thereafter.

## Directory—Teachers

Higgins, Miss Marianna P.	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.
Bones, Miss Priscilla C.	11 Slosson Terrace, Staten Island, N. Y.
Caldwell, Miss Ellen G.	Wytheville, Va.
Chorn, Miss Sarah M.	637 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.
Cornelius, Miss Ara A.	501 N. E. 6th Ave., Mineral Wells, Texas
Dillon, Miss Hattie	Goldsboro, N. C.
Du Pré, Mlle. Louise G.	M. B. S., Staunton, Va.
Edmondson, Misses Gertrude and Lucy	N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, C. F. W.	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Miss Mary Caroline	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Fontaine, Miss Lena R.	Crockett, Va.
Fraser, Miss Nora B.	N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Gumison, Miss Grace	158 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Hullihen, Miss Elizabeth C.	Staunton, Va.
Hurlburt, Miss Mary F.	59 Freemont St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Keister, Miss Pearle	Staunton, Va.
Latanié, Miss Edith	1412 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
McFarland, Miss Abbie M.	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.
McFarland, Miss Nancy W.	Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.
Meyer, Miss Gertrude	Baltimore, Md.
Montgomery, Miss Alma E.	West Augusta, Va.
Morse, Miss Lydia Dodge	Fort Meadow, Marlborough, Mass.
Pignol, Miss Martha	114 72nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Price, Miss Nina	2109 Grove Ave., Richmond, Va.
Schmidt, R. W.	Staunton, Va.
Scholar, Miss Norma	2102 Tenth Ave., S. Birmingham, Ala.
Strauss, Miss Fannie B.	315 N. New St., Staunton, Va.
Stuart, Miss Flora	Wytheville, Va.
Switzer, Miss Virginia W.	102 N. Jefferson St., Staunton, Va.
Templeton, James L.	Staunton, Va.
Timberlake, Miss Marie Edna	Fredericksburg, Va.
White, Miss India O.	Charlottesville, Va., R. F. D. 4
Williamson, Miss Helen	The Sheridan, 1523 22 St., Washington, D. C.
Yount, Mrs. Frank L.	802 Alleghany Ave., Staunton, Va.

## Directory—Students

Aaronson, Virginia Jane .....	Aberdeen, Md.
Adams, Margery .....	Mountain Lakes, N. Y.
Adams, Annie Pauline .....	The Plains, Va.
Albert, Ruth .....	Elizabethton, Ky.
Allen, Margaret Eloise .....	58 E. 15th St., Atlanta, Ga.
Alexander, Mary Elizabeth .....	330 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Alvis, Anne Isabel .....	Fishersville, Va.
Anderson, Bernyee Ninevah .....	Clearfield, Pa.
Ansley, Nina Pearl .....	Dumright, Okla.
Avery, Nella Hart .....	The Chesterfield Apartments, Richmond, Va.
Babington, Mary Love .....	301 S. Broad St., Gastonia, N. C.
Baskerville, Marion Harcourt .....	Gallatin, Tenn.
Bear, Dorothy Stickley .....	359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bear, Jessie Sarah .....	359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Dorothy Tobin .....	321 W. Laurel St., San Antonio, Texas
Benson, Carolyn Taylor .....	91 Frost Ave., Frostburg, Md.
Benson, Helen Delano .....	91 Frost Ave., Frostburg, Md.
Billings, Mary Goodloe .....	512 N. Walnut St., Seymour, Ind.
Bishop, Margaret White .....	72 W. 93d St., New York City
Bivins, Elizabeth Joyce .....	200 Pierce St., Clearwater, Fla.
Blackburn, Olyve Henkel .....	Staunton, Va., Route 4
Blackley, Mary Gilkerson .....	302 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Bond, Juliet Lyle Brook .....	141 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Bowen, Mary Ellen .....	Witten's Mills, Va.
Bowman, Elizabeth Pinckney .....	105 Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
Boxley, Martha Cabell .....	Orange, Va.
Boxley, Virginia Mansfield .....	Orange, Va.
Boxley, Emma Wills .....	Orange, Va.
Boyd, Anne Elizabeth .....	Brewton, Ala.
Bradford, Anne Margaret .....	216 Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Braxton, Agnes Trimble .....	365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Braxton, Mary Tonlin .....	365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bristor, Miriam Buckner .....	60 Western Ave., Mansfield, Ohio
Brooks, Florence Ewers .....	1112 Decatur St., Richmond, Va.
Brown, Anna Cleo .....	312 S. Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Frances Campbell .....	228 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Laura Morrison .....	228 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Mary Elizabeth .....	Swoope, Va.
Brown, Margaret Gertrude .....	3320 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala.

Bruen, Anna Miller	Belvidere, N. J.
Buchanan, Alice Wyatt	603 S. Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.
Buñlder, Margaret Weller	1023 S. 26th St., Birmingham, Ala.
Bull, Mary Virginia	Hanover Ave., Larchmont, Norfolk, Va.
Bullet, Marion Ellen	.593 Linwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Burkholder, Ellen Hanger	519 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Cadmus, Catherine	96 Forest Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J.
Calhoun, Miriam Crawford	Fishersville, Va.
Carleton, Margaret Frances	Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carleton, Helen Elizabeth	Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carleton, Elsie Florence	Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carpenter, Evelyn	Covington, Va.
Carper, Helen Ann	Churchville, Va.
Carr, Virginia Louise	.907 Market St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Carson, Catherine Evelyn	1216 N. Kansas St., El Paso, Texas
Cason, Eva Lillian	Monticello, Ark.
Cerecedo, Carmen Tosca	606 W. 178th St., New York City
Chew, Elva Lee	Staunton, Va., Route 4
Clark, Louise B.	156 Cypress Ave., Flushing, N. Y.
Coffman, Lucy Page	76 Vernon St., Oakland, Calif.
Coiner, Mrs. Kate Jackson	Fishersville, Va.
Coney, Retta Fannin	121 E. 45th St., Savannah, Ga.
Cook, Eva Ione	Bellevue Park, Richmond, Va.
Coons, Temple	Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Cox, Lucile	.620 Locust St., Bristol, Tenn.
Cox, Kathryn Crane	324 Ashland Ave., Park Ridge, Ill.
Crafton, Catherine Elizabeth	114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Crafton, Frances Louise	114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Craig, Lucile Virginia	Staunton, Va. Route 3
Crawford, Lillian Frances	Staunton, Va., Route 7
Crenshaw, Sarah Keeble	Hartsville, Tenn.
Creswell, Rachel	1546 N. First St., Abilene, Texas
Cowell, Minnie Lois	61 Franklin Ave., Concord, N. C.
Cruser, Lolita Duncan	.923 Westover Ave., Norfolk, Va.
Cummings, Virginia Floy	Apt. 78, Virginia Hotel, Staunton, Va.
Curry, Dorothy	Staunton, Va.
Daniel, Margaret Daniel	401 Kendall St., San Antonio, Texas
Daniel, Marion Sterling	.202 E. High St., Charlottesville, Va.
Danner, Mary Artis	Brookewood, Va.
Danner, Rebeca Elizabeth	Brookewood, Va.
Davidson, Virginia Lewis	311 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.

Davis, Mary Ellen .....	Cecilton, Md.
Davis, Katherine Elena .....	Federalsburg, Md.
Deans, Aylmer Gray .....	306 W. Nash St., Wilson, N. C.
Deans, Margaret Rountree .....	306 W. Nash St., Wilson, N. C.
Dennis, Jane Navarre .....	4724 Bann Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Denton, Lucy May .....	North River, Va.
Derbyshire, Anne .....	V. M. I., Lexington, Va.
Dobson, Dorothea .....	Severn Crest, Md.
Dodge, Susannah Witherspoon .....	150 Vernon Terrace, Jacksonville, Fla.
Doll, Alice Gertrude .....	New Market, Va.
Donovan, Josephine .....	715 Ann St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Duffie, Marjorie Katherine .....	Berkeley, Calif.
Dunlop, Agnes Lee .....	Gotebo, Okla.
Dyess, Louise Weatherly .....	656 W. Ave., Augusta, Ga.
Eagle, Carolyn .....	Ronceverte, W. Va.
Eckfeldt, Jeannette Matilda .....	438 Seneca St., Bethlehem, Pa.
Edgar, Marguerite Mabel .....	209 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Dorothy Maire .....	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Erwin, Margaret Montgomery .....	821 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, Pa.
Finch, Mary Ford .....	Wilson, N. C.
Flemming, Mrs. Katherine .....	301 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Folk, Eleanor Lewis .....	1702 Blair Boulevard, Nashville, Tenn.
Foreman, Mary Margaret .....	209 W. Main St., Elizabeth City, N. C.
Fought, Juanita Lucille .....	Pennsboro, W. Va.
Frasier, Marian Lucille .....	Rock Island, Ill.
Frischkorn, Monica .....	2007 Barton Ave., Richmond, Va.
Fultz, Marguerite Lyle .....	Staunton, Va., Route 5
Gage, Margaret .....	501 A East, Hutchinson, Kan.
Gainer, Georgia Frances .....	1911 Nineteenth St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Gaster, Eleanor Corinne .....	Dermott, Ark.
Gatewood, Frances Virginia .....	Douglas Lodge, Vancouver, B. C.
Gaw, Helen .....	Waynesboro, Va.
Gay, Vivian .....	2728 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.
Giffin, Kathryn Augusta .....	1302 Patterson Ave., Roanoke, Va.
Gilbert, Helene Marie .....	269 Willey St., Morgantown, W. Va.
Glick, Hope Delong .....	Gallatin, Tenn.
Gochenour, Carolyn Catherine .....	14 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Goodloe, Kathleen Coleman .....	102 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Gotten, Frances Leona .....	Bartlett, Tenn.
Grasty, Mary Campbell .....	Staunton, Va., Box 485
Grasty, Lucile Olivia .....	Staunton, Va., Box 485

Graves, Audrey	Liberty Mills, Va.
Green, Maylia Ernestine	220 W. 49th St., New York City
Greenstone, Anna	28 S. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Griffin, Martha Glover	Rome, Ga., Box 224
Grimes, Mrs. Constance Curry	Staunton, Va., Box 412
Guerrant, Lucy Russell	4812 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton, Mary Wilson	8 Tams St., Staunton, Va.
Hardenman, Florence Elizabeth	114 Clayton St., Macon, Ga.
Hardie, Anne Gary	Myers Park, Charlotte, N. C.
Harman, Jane St. Clair	Tazewell, Va.
Harris, Mary Lou	205 Churchville Ave., Staunton, Va.
Harris, Pauline Elizabeth	Mint Spring, Va.
Harris, Elizabeth Potter	190 N. Union St., Concord, N. C.
Harrison, Nina	Bedford, Va.
Hearne, Virginia	Albemarle, N. C.
Hearne, Mary Lilly	Albemarle, N. C.
Heath, Lucibel Chappelle	505 Central Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
Henderlite, Virginia	Gastonia, N. C.
Henderson, Eleanor Nowlin	144 E. French Place, San Antonio, Texas
Hendon, Nancy Lee	962 Baxter Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Heneberger, Lucy Bailey	43 Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass.
Heneberger, Virginia Bailey	43 Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass.
Hinyan, Alice Beatrice	1846 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood, Cal.
Hodges, Louise	Greenwood, S. C.
Hogshead, Harriet Harfield	14 N. Madison St., Staunton, Va.
Hollister, Katharine de Manderville	Stop 10, Troy Road, Schenectady, N. Y.
Holt, Mary Caperton	324 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Holt, Margaret Pegram	324 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Hoover, Antha Estelle	Staunton, Va., Route 5
Hoy, Mary Elizabeth	202 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Huffman, Elizabeth Walters	2824 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
Hughes, Esther Lee	Churchville, Va.
Hutchinson, Mary Frances	Gallatin, Tenn.
Jackson, Mary Magdalene	Jane Lew, W. Va.
Johnson, Marjorie	1253 Wheatland Ave., Lancaster, Pa.
Jones, Elsie Walker	New Bern, N. C.
Keller, Margaret Inez	1230 E. 31st St., Savannah, Ga.
Kennedy, Elsie Kerah	Montgomery Hall, Staunton, Va.
Kerr, Thelma Isabel	Staunton, Va., Route 3
Kingman, Leila Elizabeth	161 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Kiracofe, Charlene Madison	24 Church St., Staunton, Va.

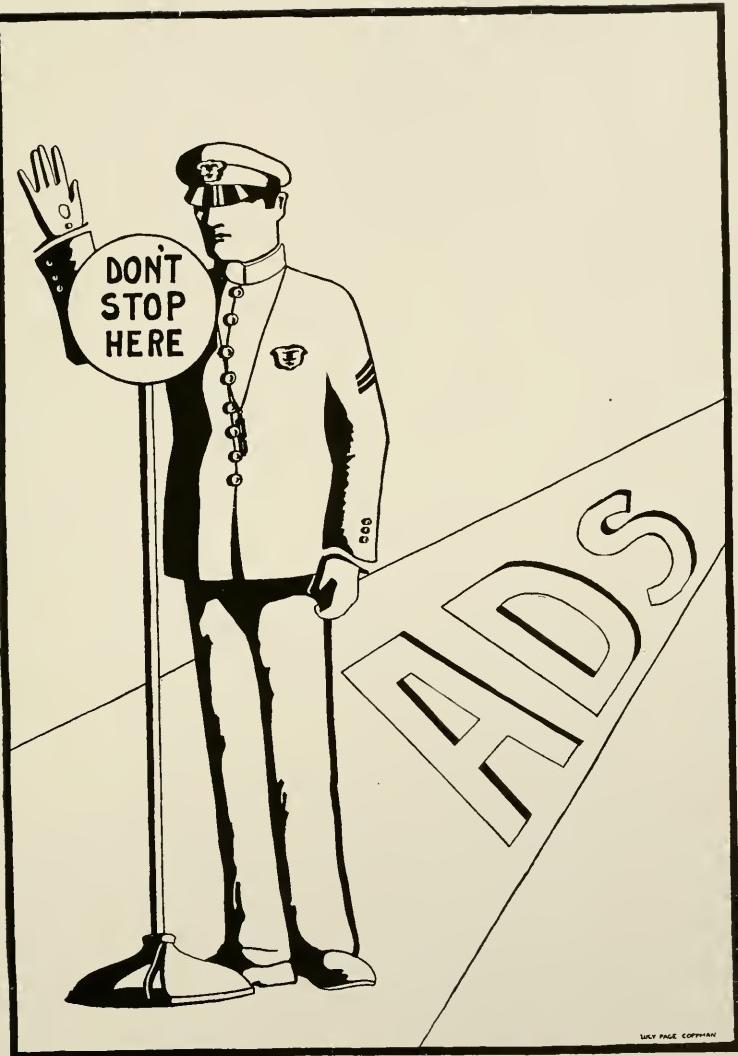
Kirby, Anna Cleo .....	Greenville, Va., Route 1
Kyle, Emily Pitzer .....	The Argyle Apts., Washington, D. C.
Lambert, Kitty Burnett .....	Staunton, Va., Box 517
Lampkin, Lois Cobb .....	158 Milledge Ave., Athens, Ga.
Lampkin, Lucy Cobb .....	158 Milledge Ave., Athens, Ga.
Landis, Madelene Correathers .....	Weyers Cave, Va.
Lawrence, Mary Louise .....	Arlington Heights, Fort Worth, Texas
Lemen, Alice Reid .....	22 Broadway, Hagerstown, Md.
Levi, Marion Elizabeth .....	Berryville, Va.
Leys, Frances Carroll .....	803 Court St., Lynchburg, Va.
Lister, Marian .....	103 Stratford St., Houston, Texas
Lister, Lueile .....	103 Stratford St., Houston, Texas
Llewellyn, Charlotte .....	306 High St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Llewellyn, Sarah .....	306 High St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Logan, Elizabeth Roy .....	221 Prospect St., Staunton, Va.
Lowman, Virginia Johnston .....	Millboro, Va.
Lyle, Amelia .....	Staunton, Va., Route 5
McDonald, Aitie Bruce .....	337 W. 7th St., Jacksonville, Fla.
McKnight, Katherine Sanders .....	1310 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.
Mantz, Virginia Diebrieh .....	Edinburg, Va.
Marion, Evelyn .....	Elizabethhton, Ky.
Marshall, Glenora .....	South Essex, Mass., Box 112
Marshall, Mildred .....	South Essex, Mass., Box 112
Martin, Rocier Craig .....	Ronceverte, W. Va.
Maxwell, Anna Williams .....	1434 Park St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Mitchell, Katie Dale .....	21 Williams St., Waycross, Ga.
Mitchell, Margaret .....	411 Winthrop St., Staunton, Va.
Mitchell, Mary Benham .....	16 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Moffett, Nancy Ophelia .....	Staunton, Va., Route 2
Mong, Martha Elizabeth .....	327 Broadway, Greenville, Ohio
Montgomery, Alice Sands .....	Danville, Ky.
Morgan, Vivian McAllister .....	1027 Union St., Brunswick, Ga.
Morriss, Dorothy Elizabeth .....	215 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Morris, Ellen Mae .....	Gibsonia, Pa.
Morris, Bessie .....	Gibsonia, Pa.
Moseley, Frances Ficklen .....	440 Fifth St., Greenville, N. C.
Mowery, Ruth Ella .....	Paulding, Ohio
Murray, Marie Enloe .....	1107 18th Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn.
Murray, Vivien Gwendolyn .....	240 Avenue H, Billings, Mont.
Myer, Marjorie .....	212 Kennedy Court, Louisville, Ky.
Newbold, Cynthia June .....	3724 Jocelyn St., Cherry Chase, D. C.
Nolan, Agnes Virginia .....	Ronceverte, W. Va.

Nottingham, Lillian Hodges	Chesapeake, Va.
Nottingham, Fannie Dunton	Chesapeake, Va.
Ogden, Katharine Abbott	Golf Club Road, Nashville, Tenn.
Olivier, Elizabeth Grattan	25 S. St. Clair St., Staunton, Va.
O'Neal, Claiborne	338 Pine St., Spartanburg, S. C.
Orr, Evelyn	1919 Linden Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
Palmer, Charlotte Virginia	127 Maple Ave., Berkley, Norfolk, Va.
Palmer, Marion	1252 Ottowa Ave., Ottawa, Ill.
Pancake, Mary Moore	120 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Parker, Gladys Wahneta	Raphine, Va.
Patterson, Mary Campbell	Douglas, Ga.
Payne, Elizabeth James	319 Vine St., Staunton, Va.
Peatross, Katherine Hazen	6 Rosendale Apts., Norfolk, Va.
Perkins, Mary Elizabeth	417 Church St., Greensboro, N. C.
Perry, Katharine	16 N. Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Pettyjohn, Mary Macon	700 Federal St., Lynchburg, Va.
Peyton, Betty Washington	305 E. Beverley St., Staunton, Va.
Pierce, Frances Jane	353 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Pierce, Gertrude	Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Potter, Elizabeth Harris	321 High St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Price, Viola Gertrude	516 W. William St., Paulding, Ohio
Prichard, Lydia Robson	Gaymont, Staunton, Va., Box 378
Putnam, Elizabeth Reppert	415 W. Bath Ave., Ashland, Ky.
Quarles, Cornelia Taylor	Edgewood Road, Staunton, Va.
Quarles, Mary Nelson	Edgewood Road, Staunton, Va.
Ralston, Sara Frances	317 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Rankin, Emily Louise	Connellsville, Pa.
Ratchford, Ethel	Staunton, Va.
Ratchford, Mary Frances	Staunton, Va.
Reay, Virginia Dent	154 Holland Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.
Rhett, Lila Ewart	48 Elizabeth St., Charleston, S. C.
Richards, Irene Inez	910 Armour St., Kansas City, Mo.
Richardson, Hilda Elaine	221 Boston Ave., Randolph-Macon Heights, Lynchburg, Va.
Robertson, Reta Virginia	310 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Ruckman, Frances Moore	Selma, Staunton, Va.
Rumpf, Alyse Irene	89 Mayo St., Greenwich, Conn.
Rumpf, Edythe Elaine	89 Mayo St., Greenwich, Conn.
Rushton, Charlotte Louise	3314 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala.
Russell, Frances H.	212 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Russell, Marjorie Gibbs	212 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.

Shafer, Caroline	215 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Saunders, Margaret Ball	410 Stuart Circle, Richmond, Va.
Schenck, Sallie Wilhong	Richmond, Va., Box 37
Seager, Mary Elizabeth	29 Dighton St., Brighton, Mass.
Seibert, Estelle Johnston	48 Comley Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
Shaw, Hester Anne	413 Beachley St., Myersdale, Pa.
Sheets, Marian Crawford	.826 Maple St., Staunton, Va.
Shoemaker, Dorothy Gage	.826 W. Drive, Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sinclair, Henri	42 Church St., Waycross, Ga.
Skillman, Margaret Sheppard	4911 Gaston Ave., Dallas, Texas.
Smith, Augusta Gage	1332 Clifton St., Birmingham, Ala.
Smith, Florence Margaret	513 Fan St., Tyler, Texas
Smith, Mary Thorpe	Wilson, N. C.
Spragins, Margaret Elizabeth	1407 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Sproul, Agnes Erskine	Staunton, Va.
Sproul, Eugenia	Staunton, Va.
Sproul, Harriet Erskine	Staunton, Va.
Sproul, Frances Rutherford	Middlebrook, Va.
Stephens, Barbara Virginia	Winton Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio
Stephens, Elizabeth Nell	Winton Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio
Stewart, Alphonsine D.	1176 Country Club Drive, Ashland, Ky.
Stickley, Sarah Gertrude	Strasburg, Va.
Stimson, Virginia Valentine	115 Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
Summers, Douglas	409 E. Valley St., Abingdon, Va.
Taylor, Dixie	201 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Taylor, Mary Garland	8 Oakenwold Terrace, Staunton, Va.
Taylor, Virginia Blain	6 Johnson St., Staunton, Va.
Terrell, Mary Elizabeth	Douglas, Ga.
Terrell, Agnes Bell	223 W. Agrita Ave., San Antonio, Texas
Thomas, Alleen Virginia	Staunton, Va., Route 1
Thompson, Maitland Le Grande	1207 N. Main St., Lumberton, N. C.
Thompson, Mary Ruth	5 Pennsylvania Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.
Tully Maurine	Mt. Hope, W. Va.
Tynes, Margaret Elizabeth	126 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Van Devanter, Margaret	24 S. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Van Horn, Mona Irene	80 Cumberland St., Cumberland, Md.
Vaughan, Laura Hunter	1241 Government St., Mobile, Ala.
Venable, Louise C.	.2721 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, Va.
Vincent, Emma Dawson	Staunton, Va.
Wagaman, Anna Elizabeth	.529 Surrey St., Hagerstown, Md.

Wall, Mrs. Elizabeth Parker	Raphine, Va.
Wallace, Charlotte	East Brady, Pa.
Walters, Martha Gwathmey	215 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Walton, Mary Linton	Esseton, Staunton, Va.
Warfield, Margaret Irina	Evergreen Hall, Woodbury, N. J.
Warner, Beatrice Caroline	Topside, Staunton, Va.
Webster, Lois	Rocky Point, Va.
Weller, Pauline Frances	506 W. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Wells, Catharine Seymour	Columbia Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.
Wells, Sarah Maslin	Columbia Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.
White, Ozelia	Brookneal, Va.
Williams, Fannie V.	.820 Pine St., Texarkana, Texas
Williams, Grace Winifred	5614 Chevy Chase Drive, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Wilson, Anne Maryland	802 Leroy Ave., Rock Falls, Ill.
Wilson, Elizabeth	Cookeville, Tenn.
Wilson, Elizabeth McCalmont	1st Avenue and 59th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Winn, Mary Gertrude	614 S. Lawrence St., Montgomery, Ala.
Witz, Katharine Frances	232 Beverley Terrace, Staunton, Va.
Witz, Marjorie Burton	232 Beverley Terrace, Staunton, Va.
Wolf, Anna	.924 E. Anderson St., Savannah, Ga.
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Woods, Dorothy Case	40 Boulevard, East, Mountain Lakes, N. J.
Zimmerman, Mary Elizabeth	Romney, W. Va.





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SURPLUS and PROFITS	\$200,000.00
RESOURCES	\$1,500,000.00

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jure the most delicate skin

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THE NATIONAL VALLEY BANK OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

DECEMBER 31, 1921

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Investments ..... \$2,128,091.45	Capital Stock ..... \$ 200,000.00
United States Bonds ..... 327,730.08	Surplus and Profits ..... 405,018.84
Overdrafts ..... 340.14	Circulation ..... 107,800.00
Banking House Fur. and Fix. 89,926.72	Deposits ..... 1,872,523.38
Cash and Due from Banks.... 389,253.83	Bonds Borrowed ..... 110,000.00
	Bills Payable ..... 240,000.00
	\$2,935,342.22
	\$2,935,342.22

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Condensed Statement of

## The Staunton National Bank

OF STAUNTON, VA.

DEC. 31, 1921

**Resources**

Loans and Investment .....	\$732,916.47
U. S. Bonds .....	128,900.00
Furniture and Fixture .....	19,470.63
Cash on hand .....	30,121.44
Due from Banks .....	69,420.88
	99,542.32
	980,829.42

**Liabilities**

Capital Stock .....	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits .....	55,468.34
Dividends Payable Jan. 3, 1922 .....	3,000.00
Cirulating Notes .....	81,000.00
Bills Payable .....	30,000.00
Rediscounts .....	102,485.00
Deposits .....	598,276.18
	980,829.42

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E. W. RANDOLPH, Cashier  
J. N. McFARLAND, Vice-President  
FRED M. FEEB, Assistant Cashier

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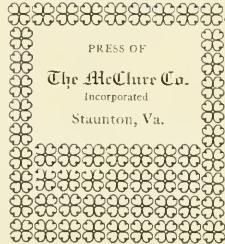
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